WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III, NO. 3



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see page 18

TIM CONSIDINE
tells of sports car thrills
see page 6

a visit with mouseketeer
KAREN
see page 22

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Dear Reader:

Nearly everyone loves dogs, and Mrs. Disney and I are no exceptions. We're especially proud of our little poodle, Lady. She's the pet around the house, and she has even appeared on television with me. On page 38 of this issue we are presenting a special story on dogs, explaining why different breeds look and act as they do.

We have been overwhelmed—and pleased—by the thousands of letters arriving at the studio for the *Win a Phone Call from Annette* contest. It's wonderful to know how many of you enjoy our magazine. Our editors are reading all of your letters carefully, and the results of the contest will be announced in our next issue.

In addition to the names of the contest winners, the June issue will contain the life story of Annette, complete with early family snapshots and some never-before-published color photographs. Other special features for June will be the second exciting chapter of *Secret of San Rio*, an unusual, full-color vacation map of the United States, an adventure with Goofy, master detective, and the story of a lost city deep in the jungles of Africa.

Your friend,

Walt Disney

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VOLUME III CONTENTS NUMBER 3

Chicken in the Rough 4

Sports Car Thrills *Tim Considine* 6

The Other Planet *George Sherman* 8

Secret of San Rio *Julius King Jr.* 10

The Symphony Under the Stairs *Bill Peet* 14

Indians of America: The Delawares 16

Zorro Outwits Death 18

Song and Dance Girl: Karen Pendleton 22

Those Hilarious, Happy, Early Days of Baseball
David and Carol Jackson 24

Annette, Part II *Lillie Hayward* 26

The Boy Who Needed Courage *James Nelson* 30

Taffy Pull 36

The Happy Daydreamer 38

Pictures in Stone 40

Mickey's Mailbox 42

Jimmie Dodd says 42

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a fantasy
of sorts
with
Chip 'n' Dale

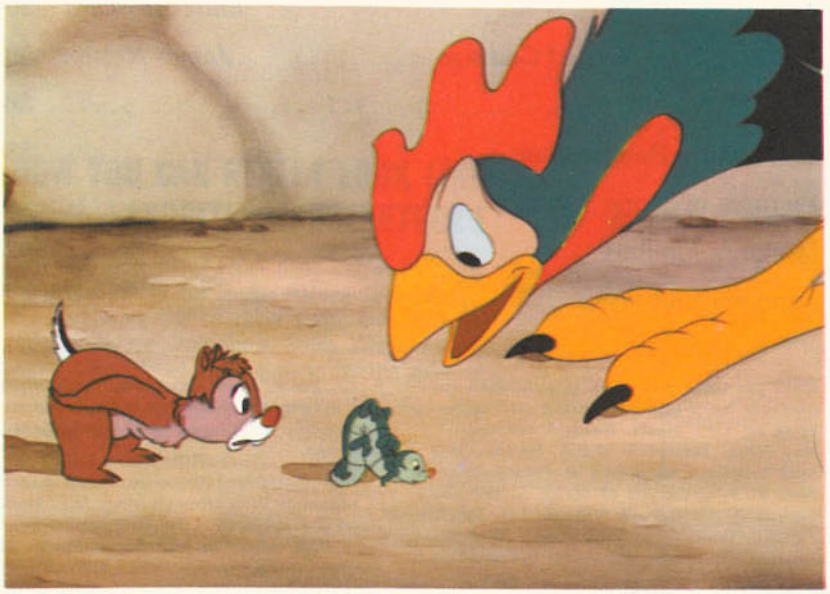
Chicken in the rough



Chip and Dale jumped as a chick popped out of the shell.



Dale tried to explain he was a chipmunk, not a chick.



Old papa rooster insisted that Dale learn how to eat a worm.

Chip and Dale considered themselves two lucky chipmunks. They lived near a farmyard where there was never a lack of lots of good things to eat.

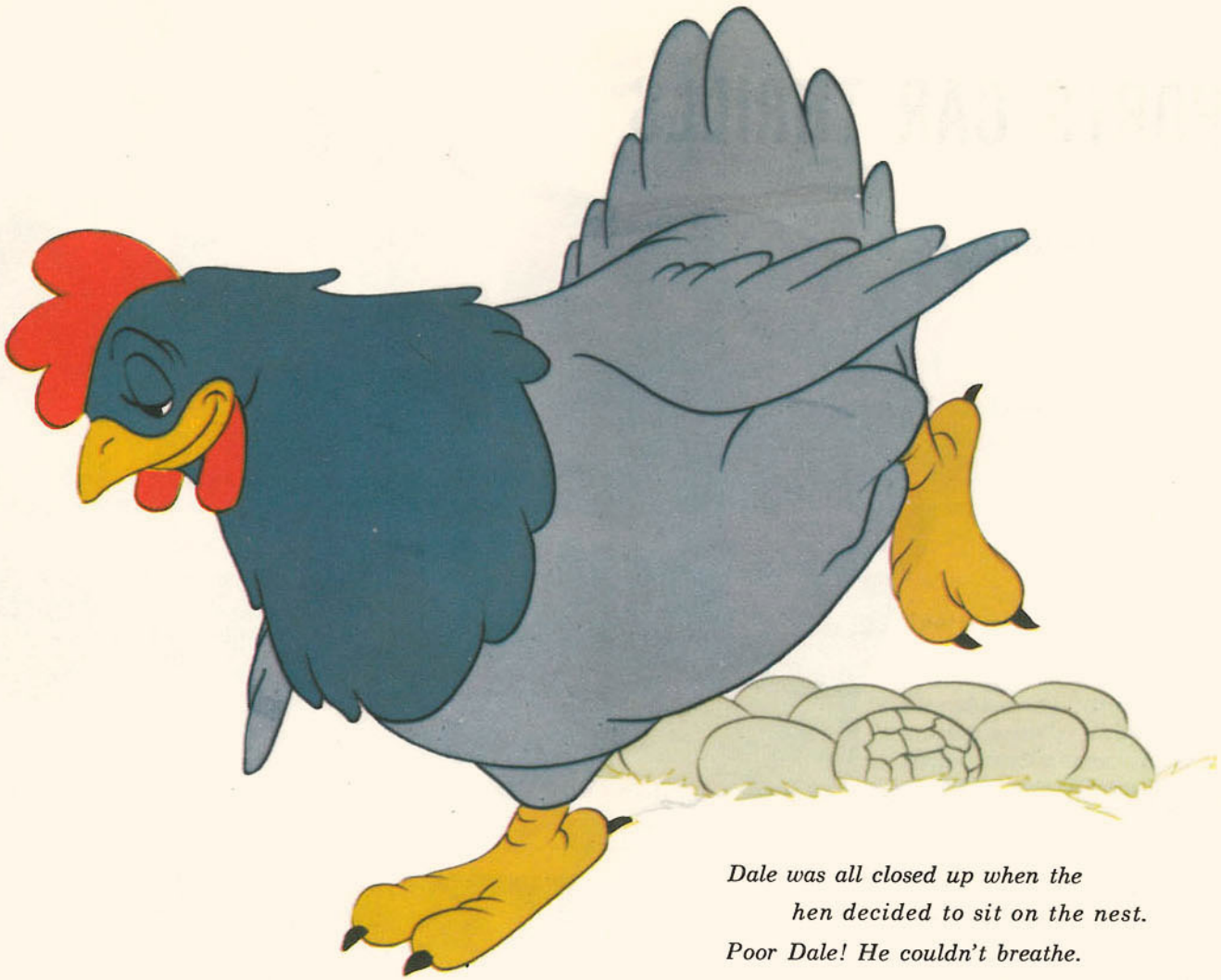
They could always manage to find some grain or meal or corn kernels on the ground, and there were lots of keen places to store a winter supply of walnuts, acorns and peanuts or other goodies.

But the farmyard had its problems. The big old roosters could be pretty mean, and even baby chickens could make life miserable for chipmunks.

And that's exactly what happened. The chipmunks decided to leave their tree home to look at their supply of nuts, which they had carefully hidden away in the rafters of the chicken house.

They were counting their supply when a terrible thing happened. Some of the nuts rolled onto the floor of the hen house. As Chip and Dale scrambled to collect a missing walnut, they came across an egg. And no sooner had they discovered the egg than a baby chick popped out. Chip cheeped, and the chick cheeped back. But this was no time to play jokes. Chip and Dale had to get the chick back in the shell before the papa rooster found out the young one was missing. They tried to shoo the baby chick back into the shell. But the chick liked it outside.

Dale had a brilliant idea. He would show the chick how to get back in the shell. He carefully placed all the pieces together and crawled inside, when who should come along but the big old hen. Dale wondered whether he would smother as she sat on her eggs to hatch them.



Dale was all closed up when the hen decided to sit on the nest. Poor Dale! He couldn't breathe.

Dale let out a squeak, and the hen turned to see her new chick. But it wasn't a chick—it was Dale! She called the rooster, and in the meantime the real little chick ran away. Poor Dale! While he looked this way and that for the real chick, the papa rooster tried to teach him to be a good chicken. "First thing to do is eat worms," he said. But Dale didn't want to eat worms. He didn't want to eat anything. He just wanted out!

"Help, Chip. Where are you?" called Dale. The hen and the rooster looked at each other. "My, he talks strangely for a chicken," they said. And just when Dale was about to give up hope, Chip came pushing the chick back to mama hen and papa rooster. Oh, was Dale happy! He scooted out of that hen house and back to the safety of his tree home. That night Chip and Dale made a resolution. Stay away from all hen houses.



SPORTS CAR THRILLS

by Tim Considine



I always feel a chill of excitement whenever I see the cars lining up for a race. Rolling onto the track, the racers make a colorful display—bright red, cream with gold numbers, baby blue with white, sleek black, silver, copper or emerald green. And I feel extra proud when I know one of the cars is mine.

Sports car racing is my hobby, and I spend every spare weekend at one of the Southern California tracks—either the new course at Riverside, at Palm Springs, at Santa Barbara (where I saw my first race) or at the Paramount Ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

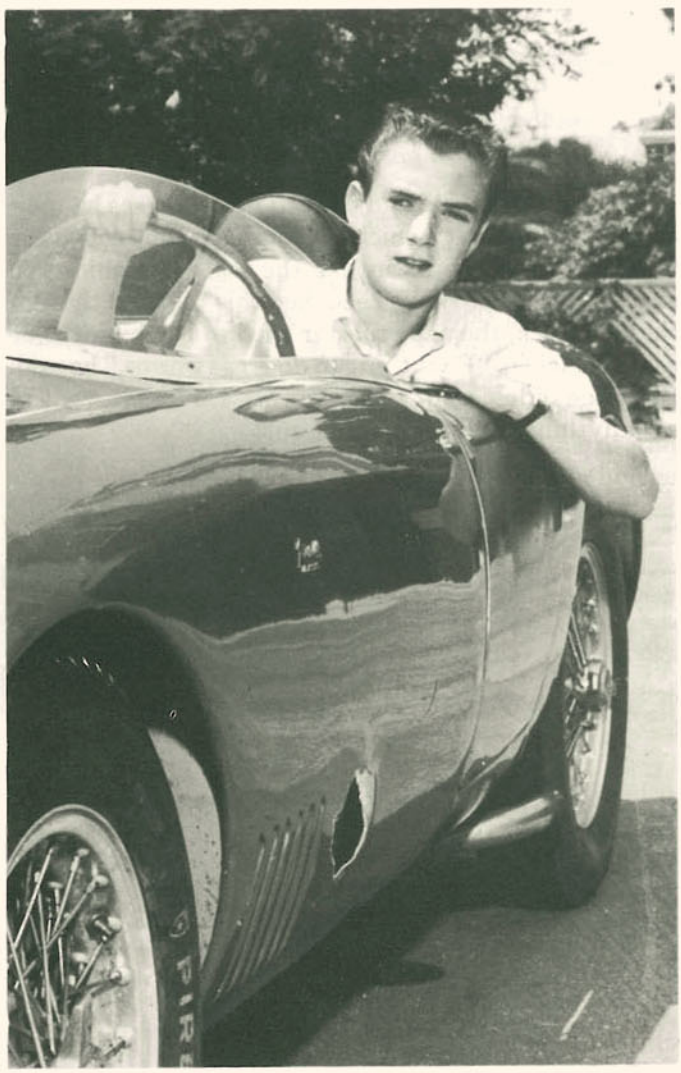
The cars begin arriving at the race course soon after dawn—there's always plenty to do before competition begins. Some of the sports cars are driven to the track, and some are towed. My car is always brought in on a trailer. You see, mine is strictly for racing—it's too "hot" to drive in traffic, so we haul it the same as you would a speedboat or small sailboat.

The Paramount Ranch track is set in a valley of the Santa Monica Mountains. All morning a thin line of cars worms its way out the narrow mountain road to the track. Approaching it about 9:30 a.m. you see a pale blue haze over the course. That's from the exhaust of cars that have been testing the roadway for a couple of hours.

Old Paramount movie sets are still standing in back of turn seven. If you were a spectator near the judge's stand, you might think you had seen the hills hundreds of times—and you probably would have, for they've been in hundreds of pictures.

The cars here do not speed around an oval. These are road races, and the track winds through the valley in a squiggly figure eight. There's a quarter mile straightaway, then the paved track turns right in a wide curve and cuts through a tunnel to complete a loop. After a backstretch of perhaps 200 yards, the course veers

Tim does not drive his Italian OSCA in competition, but at home he climbs behind the wheel for photographers.





Seventeen-year-old Tim has been interested in sports cars for many years.





Sports cars careen around the curves during races in Santa Barbara, California. In the picture above are "little" cars with motors smaller than 1500 cc's (cubic centimeters). To the left are "big" cars—larger than 1500 cc's. Tim Considine's OSCA is a big car. The race photos on this page were taken by Letha Patchen.

sharply right, around a hill, into a dog-leg left and back into the stretch. There are a few times during the race when the spectators cannot see the cars. But officials of the California Sports Car Club patrol every foot of the road and do everything possible to make it safe, both for drivers and spectators.

Sports car racing is a thrilling spectator sport, and most of the paying visitors are perched on the hillside above the course. Between the homestretch and the backstretch turns, in the saddle of the hill, are the pits.

The pits are not protected by concrete bunkers, and they in no way resemble the grease pits you see in a garage. The pits consist of an open area in which to park and service racing cars until they are ready for competition. Manufactured in England, Germany, Italy, France and even Detroit, the little cars are lined up, bright and shining in all the colors of the rainbow. Expert mechanics bring along spare engine parts, portable jacks and welding equipment and big boxes of special tools.

The morning is spent with practice runs. Drivers warm up their cars and get acquainted with the twisty, tricky course. And vehicles not inspected on a Tuesday or Thursday night preceding the race get a thorough going over. No car is allowed to race unless it has a small green safety sticker on the hood.

By noon the practice sessions are over, and the first race is ready to begin. All entries line up on the preliminary grid, located in the pits. They fall into line three abreast on the grid and, on command from the announcer, move slowly into position on the main track.

Mechanics and owners have last minute words with their drivers. The starter takes his place on the line. Drivers race their engines, and the exhausts roar and pop. The noise is deafening—like a squadron of jets flying low overhead. Heavy crash helmets and goggles get last minute adjustments, and safety belts are tightened. Motors turn over faster, and the noise grows unbearable. The flag is up. At last, the starter waves the flag, and the race is underway.

An announcer calls the action, pointing out good and bad points of driving and peculiarities of each car. Winners will get cups and trophies. Because all drivers are amateurs, no cash prizes are given. And since no money is awarded, drivers are on friendly terms with each other. The idea is to improve motor performance or driving skill, not make money.

Drivers come from all walks of life. One is a film editor for a TV series. Others are doctors, lawyers, mechanics, aircraft workers, engineers. I hope some day that one of the drivers will be an actor—me. Right now I own the car, but Gene Curtis and Harry Hanford do my driving for me. Curtis owned the car before I bought it.

I consider myself awfully lucky to be able to own this car—it's an OSCA made in Italy. But don't get the idea that sports car racing is only for owners and drivers. It's just as exciting for the spectator. For color and thrills, the sports car road races are mighty hard to beat.

the other planet

by George Sherman



Egg-shaped coaches whizzed by on a monorail track, powered by magnetic force. The swish as they passed the window did not disturb the meeting, which was attended by some of the most brilliant scientists, heads of governments, businessmen and military men in history.

The master scientist turned his back to the huge conference table and stared out the window. His gaze included the dome-shaped buildings of the university, the antique helicopters and the latest designed saucers gliding through the sky, and the huge plastic dome covering the buildings. The dome served two purposes —to control the humidity, heat and pressure in the university area, and to keep out bacteria, fog and germs. To his left, where the dome met the larger, greenish plastic sheet covering the capital city, the check-out chambers were busy with craft entering and leaving the dome.

He stared at the ground far below —a sand, red and dusty, without grass. "We have come a long way in this year of 1970," he thought, "but we still have to reach a far horizon.

We need water. We need water and food to supply our people."

He turned to the small globe mounted on the table. Beside it were models of flying saucers and rockets. He gazed thoughtfully at the small globe. "Will that planet be the hope of our people?" he asked himself.

He picked up a gavel and rapped it sharply on the table.

"Gentlemen, let's call the meeting to order," he said. The men around the table, representing citizens from every part of the globe, were silent.

"Our problem is this," he continued. "We have reached a point here on our planet where we can no longer feed our people. We must extend our boundaries into outer space and other planets in order to seek food."

Everybody at the table nodded in agreement.

The scientist picked up a plastic saucer and held it high for all to see. "And this, gentlemen, is a model of the craft which I believe can take us there."

"How much will it cost us?" asked a businessman.

"We don't know yet," answered the scientist.

"You are asking us to finance a rocket to another planet without knowing how much it'll cost?"

"Yes."

"Why not build a smaller saucer and rocket and do some moon exploring," suggested the businessman. "We haven't done that yet."

"That won't do," replied the scientist. "We can get a pretty good idea of moonlife through our giant telescopes. We know there is no water and no plant life. We cannot live there."

The businessman was quiet, then he said, "Go ahead. Build your rocket. We'll finance it."

"Thank you, sir. I'm glad to have your confidence. With this saucer, which is the result of all of our governments working together, we can reach our sister planets."

"Sister planets?" asked a military man, who had no extensive scientific background.

"Yes. Planets relatively close to us. One world, a small one, is so close to the sun we would all burn up within a few moments: Others, larger, are lands of ice, where we would freeze. But two are close by, and these we should consider for outer space exploration."

"Which ones are they?" asked the military man again.

"One is clothed in clouds. We cannot see her surface, and we do not know what exists there. But the other planet," he said, pointing to the globe on the table, "could be our salvation."

He warmed to his task as he described the planet. "It is nearby. Every year we pass within a few million miles of it. Consider it carefully. It has great areas of ice, the same as we have. And it has seasons, as we do, because through our telescopes we can see the white ice masses expanding and contracting, presumably similar to our summers and winters. Much of its surface seems to be brown and barren, but there are patches of green, so we may presume some sort of vegetation is able to exist.

"Our most powerful telescopes pick up fine lines on the planet. We're not sure what they are. However, evidence indicates that they were constructed by machines. Which leads us to believe there may be people."

A high ranking military officer asked, "Does this mean we should take our latest space weapons to fight them?"

"No," smiled the scientist. "We have every reason to believe they are friendly. Many years ago, when I was a student at this very college, I remember being at my telescope and seeing flashes of light from the planet. I believe they may have been attempts to signal us. In my opinion, there are people on that planet, and they are friendly."

"People as we know them?" asked the leader of a government.

"Maybe not. Their life may be based on a different chemical element —silicon, for instance. Or it may be highly developed plant life. They may be in the dawn of evolution, or advanced far beyond us. These are answers we do not know, and only by sending out an exploratory saucer can we find out."

The meeting lasted far into the night. As darkness covered the city, the leaders looked out the window at the distant star they hoped soon to reach.

One of them asked, "What did you say the name was?"

The greatest scientist on Mars looked up and smiled. "We call that planet Earth," he said.

illustrated by BILL LAYNE





THE SECRET OF SAN RIO

by Julius King, Jr.

Chapter I...THE OLD MISSION

Jerry Patterson and his father followed Jim Falconer as he hacked through the dense undergrowth toward a high point of ground, directly over a bubbling spring. The Pattersons walked slowly, careful to avoid the deadly backswing of Falconer's blade. Jerry had time to savor the adventure, to watch the blue racer lizards that sped out of the path and the chameleons in vivid green or inconspicuous brown that matched the leaf or bark on which they sunned themselves. There was a sense of timelessness here—the year could easily have been 1558 instead of 1958.

Though Jerry's spirits lifted under the spell of this strange wilderness, his father stared gloomily straight ahead. He seemed to be asking himself "What am I doing here?"

Patterson's wife had died over a year ago, and he and 13-year-old Jerry had moved to Florida and bought an orange grove. All had gone well until two nights ago, when a freeze ruined the entire orange crop.

Jim Falconer, a native of Florida, had come over to help his new neighbors build fires under their fragile trees, but 15 degrees had been too cold. "A Florida freeze is like that," Falconer had explained. "It hits you one night and the next day it's gone, almost as if it never happened. Except that everybody's fruit is ruined."

"I wish we didn't have all our eggs in one basket," Mr. Patterson had said bitterly.

"I know what you mean," Falconer had agreed. "But you know, there *is* a way you could keep the grove and still have some side income."

Both Jerry and Chris Patterson had looked at him, puzzled.

"I mean, open a resort. You have some historical ruins on

your land that nobody knows about but me. And people—tourists and natives alike—would pay good money to see them. Yes sir, a resort could make you folks a nice piece of change." He had headed down the path to the dock. "Come on," he had said, "and I'll show you."

He had pulled a long-bladed Cuban machete from under the front seat of his outboard, and now the two Pattersons were following him through the tangled vines and brush, past the palm trees and palmettos, under live oaks and cypresses covered with Spanish moss. At last he stopped, parted the branches of a large bush and pointed. "Here we are."

A squarish rock stood before them.

"Is that all there is?" asked Jerry, trying to keep disappointment out of his voice.

Chris Patterson, too, was disappointed. The way Falconer had talked, this was going to solve all their problems. They would no longer have to depend on the orange groves. But how could they make money out of a big rock?

As if in answer, Jim swung the machete several more times, and other rocks appeared.

"It's a wall!" Jerry exclaimed.

"That's right," said Falconer. "A coquina wall."

"Coquina?" echoed Mr. Patterson. "That's a Spanish word."

"Yes and this is a Spanish wall. The Spaniards were the only ones who built with this mixture of shells and sand."

Falconer hacked away more undergrowth and soon revealed that the wall, nearly waist high on Jerry, formed a square. In its center, a tremendous live oak spread protective branches overhead like a low roof.

"Spaniards!" breathed Jerry. "Right here on this spot."

"But Jim." Mr. Patterson was puzzled. "I thought Spaniards never got into the center of Florida."

"Well, I don't know what the history books say, but this coquina wall means *some* of them got here . . . even if nobody ever knew about it."

"Look at this," shouted Jerry. He stood in front of a pillar that formed one side of a doorway in the wall. As the men watched, his fingers traced two deep-cut words in a rock set into the coquina:

SAN RIO

"That means 'Holy River' in Spanish," Patterson said.

"There's a cross in the rock just below it," exclaimed Jerry.

"It must have been a mission," said Mr. Patterson in awestruck tones. "What do you think, Jim?"

"Probably," Falconer agreed. "I never told anybody except my wife and my daughter Ann after I found it two years ago. But this isn't all I want you to see."

"You mean there's more?" cried Jerry, trying to look in all directions at once. "Where? Near the spring?"

His father and Falconer laughed at his eagerness. "It's near enough," said Falconer, "but we'll have to take my boat."

He started down the path he had cleared. Jerry and Mr. Patterson followed, every now and then looking back toward the mysterious coquina wall. Falconer was seated in the rear of the boat when they stepped onto the dock.

Jerry untied the painter as they jumped into the outboard. Jim started the sputtering motor and steered at half speed along the lake shore nearest the house.

When they neared the outlet that marked the beginning of Five Mile Creek, Jim cut the motor and said, half to himself, "It's just about here."

He picked up a boxlike contrivance, open at one end and with a piece of plate glass set across the other.

"Here," he passed it to Jerry. "Set it in the water with the glass at the bottom and you can look in the top and see what's underwater as clearly as I can see you."

Jerry held the device over the side. He and his father peered into it. The bottom of the lake became instantly visible through the glass.

Here was a new landscape of crystal transparency, populated by fish of every size. Turtles swam their queer zigzags, and, far below, was the floor of the lake itself, bare in spots, strewn in others with ancient debris.

"I'll bet it's ten or fifteen feet deep," said Jerry, his eyes glued on the scene below.

"This clear water fools you," answered Falconer. "It's a good thirty feet to the bottom. Keep watching now while I paddle us over to the left a few yards."

The waterscape below them altered as the boat began to move. Suddenly, a long, dark shape came into view.

"There's a boat!" Jerry cried.

His father stared intently into the box and nodded in agreement.

"What else do you see?" asked Falconer.

Jerry could see now that the boat beneath them was a long, narrow craft, thickly furred with greenish moss. It had apparently once had a deck across its bow.

"What's that in the boat?" Mr. Patterson suddenly asked.

"It's . . . it's . . . a skeleton!" gasped Jerry.

"I can see his leg bones," agreed Mr. Patterson, "but the upper part of him is covered."

Jerry was silent a moment, trying to remember something. Then he broke out excitedly. "Dad! Remember the pictures of the Spanish soldiers in my history book? You know . . . with the armor covering the upper part of their bodies?"

"You're right," confirmed Mr. Patterson. "That skeleton must be partly covered with armor."

"A Spanish soldier," Jerry exclaimed. "Right in our lake."

They sat deep in thought for a few moments, pondering the meaning of this strange apparition at the bottom of the lake.

"What do you think?" asked Falconer seriously.

"I think we can make this one of the most interesting spots in the state," answered Mr. Patterson. "We ought to go to work and clean up the springs. We can advertise the historical value of the mission and the old boat."

"Can't we call the place *San Rio Springs?*" asked Jerry.

"Sounds good," nodded Mr. Patterson.

"Darn good," agreed Falconer. He started the outboard motor and headed back toward the Patterson dock. Jerry learned forward in his seat. In his imagination, the whole landscape was peopled with Spanish soldiers and priests, while in the forest around them, the forms of Indians slipped from tree to tree.

illustrated by HERB RYMAN





When the outboard was moored, and Falconer and Mr. Patterson were headed for the house, Jerry hung back. He wanted to do more exploring. "I think I'll take the canoe for a while," he called.

"Okay," Mr. Patterson called over his shoulder. "I'll have lunch ready in about an hour."

Jerry slid the canoe into shallow water and vaulted into the stern just as it floated free. Lifting a paddle from beneath the thwart, he propelled the craft away from the shore with a few short strokes.

To his left opened the narrow, rush-filled stream that formed the outlet from the spring basin into the lake. Ahead of him was the lake, actually an oversize pool, perhaps 200 yards long and half as wide. And out of this body of water flowed Five Mile Creek.

"Five Mile Creek!" snorted Jerry suddenly. "That's a heck of a name for a river. The Spaniards called it the *San Rio*. That's what it should be from now on."

As he looked toward the "San Rio" a scooped-out cypress dugout emerged into the lake. A slim, dark-haired girl wielded the paddle from a kneeling position amidships, and her expert strokes forced the dugout through the water with surprising speed. In a few moments she was opposite Jerry.

"Hello," he hailed, waving his paddle. "You must be Ann Falconer."

"How did you know my name?" she asked. "Oh, I guess Father told you, didn't he?"

The boy nodded. "I'm Jerry Patterson," he said.

"I know. I've seen you passing our island in the canoe. I'm awfully sorry about your oranges."

"Thanks," said Jerry. "It was pretty tough." He abruptly changed the subject. "There's a lot to see along the San Rio, isn't there."

"San Rio?" asked Ann, resting her paddle across the dugout's gunwales. "You mean Five Mile Creek, don't you?"

"Yes," Jerry responded with a grin. "There's a ruined Spanish building by the spring, though, with *San Rio* carved in the doorway. It sounds like just the right name for the river."

"Oh, yes! Father told us about finding that building. *San Rio*. It does sound better than 'Five Mile Creek,' doesn't it? Besides, this river is almost forty miles long . . . it reaches all the way to the St. John's over near the ocean."

"Then the Spaniards could have come all the way in here by boat, couldn't they?"

"Maybe they could a long time ago," answered the girl. "Not any more, though."

"Why not?"

"Well, about five miles downstream, the water hyacinths get so thick that no one can push a boat through them. That's why they call this Five Mile Creek. The hyacinths are solid all the rest of the way to the St. John's."

"But it must have been clear once," insisted Jerry. "There's a Spanish boat at the bottom of the lake."

"That's right," agreed Ann. "Just about underneath us here." She shivered slightly. "That skeleton gives me the creeps. I wonder what happened to him."

"Me, too. Maybe we'll find out before long. Dad's going to ask a professor he knows if there's any record of an old mission in this part of the state. We may even open a resort."

"That's wonderful," she beamed, her white teeth contrasting pleasantly with her suntanned face and dark hair.

"Did you come up to see your father?" Jerry asked.

"Well . . . not exactly," She smiled again, a little shyly. "Father thought I could show you some things about the river maybe you hadn't seen yet."

"Good!" Jerry said. "It's been lonesome exploring by myself." He dug his paddle into the water and headed for the river. "Let's go!" he called back over his shoulder.

But Ann was no longer behind him. She had pulled even, her paddle biting into the water with strong, sure strokes.

"You're an expert," Jerry said in admiration. "I'll race you to the river."

"Go!" called Ann, and swung her paddle. The dugout leaped ahead.

Jerry bent his back and soon was speeding furiously through the water. But the girl was driving her strange craft with amazing speed. She held a slight lead over the lighter canoe.

Jerry increased his strokes but didn't seem to gain.

Suddenly the race seemed very important. He had to win. After all, she was a girl! He rose from the stern thwart to rest on one knee. He dug his paddle into the water . . . deeply. Too deeply! The canoe swung hard to the left and capsized.

"Beaten by a girl!" Jerry thought with chagrin as the clear water closed over his head.

He swam to the surface and saw his canoe several yards away. A force beyond his control was pulling him away from it! He had reached the spot where the San Rio flowed rapidly out of the lake. He was being swept along by the current.

Jerry relaxed and concentrated on staying afloat. Ann was after him, and he felt in no immediate danger. His sneakers weighed his feet down, though, and his sport shirt made him clumsy in the water. He grabbed at some water

hyacinths, but the rootless, floating plants tore loose in his grasp and drifted away.

The dugout nosed closer now. Panting, Jerry reached for the bow of the boat. But it slipped away.

Suddenly he saw Ann drive her craft frantically past him, out of reach. He felt a chill of fear.

"Hey!" he shouted weakly.

She paid no attention. Instead, she turned the dugout across the channel and let it drift sideways against a mass of hyacinths that lay directly in Jerry's path.

He reached the dugout and clutched it tight on the upstream side.

Before he could sputter his indignation, Ann said with quiet urgency, "Get in—hurry."

Her tone told Jerry to obey quickly. He dragged himself over the gunwale and slid to the bottom of the dugout. Ann steadied the craft by shifting her weight slightly.

She pointed to the hyacinths packed tightly on the downstream side. Jerry followed her gesture. For a moment he saw nothing. Then suddenly he gasped.

Resting on the water plants lay a brownish-black snake, its stubby body extended. It was looking directly at them and its darting tongue flickered out of a mouth that was dead white inside.

"A cottonmouth moccasin," Jerry whispered. "I would have run right into him if you hadn't gotten here first."

"I was afraid I couldn't make it in time," said Ann, weakly.

Quickly, she backed the dugout into the channel and headed upstream for the lake. The moccasin regarded them balefully from his hyacinth bed.

As they paddled upstream, Jerry watched the jungle that grew thick and green along the sides of the swift San Rio. Here and there a long-fallen tree sloped from the bank to disappear beneath the surface. On their right, a mysterious-looking bay suddenly opened up. It was choked with hyacinths and extended far back between great cypresses.

"That's Hyacinth Run," Ann informed him.

"What is it?" he asked. "A stream?"

"Not exactly. It doesn't seem to flow much. Father catches baby alligators in there sometimes. I came with him last spring."

"How far does it go?"

"Across your property to Palmetto Creek. That's the name of the property next to yours. It belongs to a Mr. Fox."

"I think I've heard my father talk about Fox," said Jerry. "He didn't think much of him. Said he was a blowhard."

Ann nodded. "Father worked for him for three years and then quit. He doesn't like him, either."

They heard a voice calling, "Jerry. Jerry."

"There's Father now," said Ann. In a moment she had maneuvered the dugout into the lake. Mr. Patterson and Jim Falconer were there in the launch. They had just retrieved the floating paddle and were trying to right the overturned canoe.

"Thank heaven!" Mr. Patterson said with relief. He sat down in the boat and wiped his forehead.

"Ann and I had a race," Jerry explained hastily. "I tipped over and got carried downstream. She picked me up in the dugout." He thought the part about the moccasin had better wait until his father was a little less upset.

"I know you're a good swimmer," said Mr. Patterson, "but that overturned canoe scared me just the same."

"Glad you're all right," added Falconer. "I guess I don't need to introduce you to Ann."

Jerry and Ann smiled. They felt as though they had known each other for years.

That evening, as Jerry and his father ate dinner together, they talked excitedly of the day's adventures, and of their plans to turn San Rio into a resort.

"I got some machetes, a couple of axes and some grass cutters in Orangewood today," Mr. Patterson said. "It'll be hard work, but we'll have to clean up the spring and cut some paths through to the mission before we can . . ."

He stopped abruptly, startled by a sound outside. A branch cracked loudly from the direction of the spring.

Jerry ran for the porch. In the twilight he could see a figure running through the orange grove behind the house.

"Who's there?" he shouted. The runner increased his speed, heading for the state highway. Jerry bounded after him, but it was hopeless. In a minute the sound of tires screeching on concrete told him that the prowler had gotten away.

"Why would anybody be snooping around the spring?" he asked.

His father answered slowly. "I'm not sure. There was a man in Busby's hardware store this afternoon who seemed interested in the stuff I was buying. He was talking to Mr. Busby when I left, and pointing at me. I couldn't hear what he was saying—but I could hear his voice. It had a nasal twang to it.

"Looks like somebody wants to know what we're planning," he mused. "I wonder who it could be."

To be continued

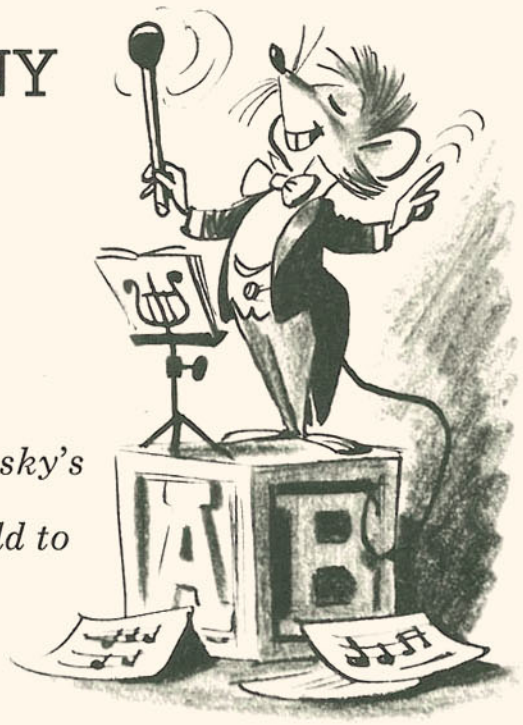




THE SYMPHONY UNDER THE STAIRS

Ludwig Mousensky's own story as told to

Bill Peet



I was born under a haystack on a farm in northeast Austria. The Mousensky family had lived on this farm for many generations and my seventeen brothers and sisters would raise their families there, too. But I had other ideas. I was determined to go out into the world and amount to something.

So, one bright summer morning, I left home and stowed away in a truckload of potatoes bound for the capital city of Vienna. It was a rough trip, for the roads were rutted and hilly. I had a desperate time of it all the way, barely avoiding being mashed by the shifting sea of potatoes. When I finally arrived in Vienna I was mighty bruised and discouraged. But I wasn't giving up. If there was any sort of a job for a mouse, I was going to find it.

But first I had to find a place to live. I wandered along the street till I came to an empty shop with boarded-up windows. Cautiously I crawled in through a crack in the door. The place was empty except for a broken doll and a box of toy musical instruments. It must have been a toy shop once, but now it was dark and dusty and full of cobwebs—an ideal home for a mouse, except that there was nothing to eat. I hadn't eaten since early morning, so now I left the shop to look for food.

My sensitive nose told me there was a bakery nearby, and as I followed the scent of fresh-baked bread down the street, my nose told me something else. A cat was following me! I raced up some steps and into a building with the cat right at my heels. Then I ran along the wall looking desperately for a hole or a crack or some place to hide. At last I spied a base violin. I scrambled up the strings and leaped inside, landing in the dark with a resounding *Froommm!* I couldn't leave the violin till I was sure the cat was gone. Besides, I was too exhausted to move. So I curled up and went to sleep.

I was suddenly awakened by the deep, full tones of the violin and the sound of horns and drums and more violins. Cautiously I peeked out. I was in a huge concert hall filled with people. Nearby was a tall white-haired man frantically waving a silver wand! It was the famous Wolfgang Von Bruns conducting the Vienna Old World symphony. The music rose up to a thundering crescendo, then trickled down to a faint little trill as it followed each wave of his wand. It was like magic.

At that very moment I made up my mind to be an orchestra leader. But I knew I couldn't lead a full-sized orchestra; it would have to be a very small one. There were tiny instruments at the toy shop. But who could play them? Why, mice of course! It was all very simple. A colony of long-haired mice happened to be living under the concert hall and they were all studying music. And they hadn't missed a single concert in over three years.

They were overjoyed at the chance to play their own instruments. We started practice the very next evening. We assembled under the orchestra stage where I could observe the great conductor through a crack in the floor. Mice are quick to learn and in a few weeks we'd mastered all the great symphonies, everything from Bach to Beethoven. Now we were ready to play our first concert.

But when we went looking for a job we soon discovered that finding a place to play in Vienna was impossible. It was the musical center of the world, and the city was overloaded with fine orchestras. We were ready to give up and go our separate ways when Squeeky, the violin player, had an idea.

"Why don't we go on tour?" he squeaked. "The Vienna World Symphony is leaving for America tomorrow. We could go, too!"

We all agreed that it was worth a try. After all, America is the land of opportunity. So the next morning we left Vienna on the very first train, in our own private

compartment in the big base violin. One week later, after a rough ocean voyage, we stepped down the gangplank in New York City to be greeted by an icy blast of wind and snow. It was early December and a blizzard had struck the city. The snow was up to our knees, nearly half an inch deep. But blizzard or no blizzard, we had to have a job!

First we tried the Metropolitan Opera Company, but they weren't interested in small orchestras. They wanted only the very biggest ones. It was the same story at Radio City and all the other music halls in New York. Our tails were frozen stiff and our ears had turned blue and we talked of giving up and returning to Vienna.

"Why don't we go to Hollywood?" squeaked Squeeky. "I hear it's warmer out there, and who knows, we might get a job in the movies."

This seemed like a practical idea and we hurried off to Grand Central Station and gnawed our way into a suitcase that was tagged for Hollywood, California.

Squeeky was right. It was much warmer in Hollywood. But it rained. It came down in great torrents till the streets were like rivers. For hours we drifted around Hollywood in a cigar box, looking for a place to stay. At last we found a dry spot in the storage room of a music company on a stack of old sheet music under the stairway. We were thoroughly discouraged but we still continued to practice our music. At least it was something to do while we waited for the weather to clear.

One afternoon, as we were playing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, a microphone was lowered through a knot hole in the stairs. We'd been discovered! I stopped the orchestra at once.

"We don't play without pay!" I shouted.

It was the chief sound engineer of Disneyland Records and he was anxious to put us under contract. We wrangled for nearly five minutes before we finally reached an agreement. Then we settled for all the cheese we could eat seven days a week plus two weeks vacation —with cheese.



illustrated by BILL PEET





illustrated by SAM MC KIM

Indians of America:

THE DELAWARES

My name is Swift Deer and I am a Delaware Indian brave. The year is 1750, and I am heading west with my tribe. Much of our land has been stolen from us, and that is why we must move. But I will tell you more of that later.

I am one of the *Leni-Lenape*, which means True Men or Chosen Ones. We are members of the Algonquin tribe, and my cousins live in the eastern part of the continent.

From the time I was born until I was ten, I seldom wore clothing, except in the wintertime. Now that I am a young brave, I wear moccasins, breechcloth, leggings and robe. The sides of my head are shaved, leaving only a narrow scalp lock from the forehead to the nape of my neck. My hair is black but sometimes I put soot in grease to make it even darker.

My mother wears a rectangular buckskin skirt wrapped around her waist and secured with a belt. She grows her hair long, ties it into a "beaver tail" and keeps it in place with bear grease. She uses cosmetics and sometimes adds red pigment to fish oil or eagle grease to rub on her face. She also paints her eyes and forehead black.

We live in wigwams, dome-shaped dwellings made of wood frames and covered with elm bark or rushes. Wigwams, by the way, should not be confused with teepees, which are cone-shaped and covered with bark or skins. Teepees are used by our cousins on the Western plains. The floors are tamped earth, and a fire in the middle keeps our homes warm during the cold months.

We are primarily hunters, but we braves sometimes clear the forests so our women can farm. We grow corn, squash and beans. We and our Algonquin cousins first introduced the settlers to succotash, hominy, popcorn, wild rice, persimmon bread and maple sugar. We showed the English and French how to plant corn, bake clams, use seaweed for fertilizer, eat pumpkins or squash and smoke tobacco.

My fathers told me of the coming of the white men. Around the fires at night they told tales of watching the snub-nosed sailing ships bringing the first white settlers to our country. The Delawares asked themselves, "Who were these strangers? Why had they come? What would they do? Would they live at peace with the Indian?"

The questions were answered in many ways.

William Penn signed a treaty with our people. The paper was signed under a huge elm tree in Kensington. As long as Penn lived there was no fighting between the Delawares and the white men. Penn signed the paper in 1682, with Tammany, our chief. Tammany was such a great chief that he was revered by our people, and many braves my age consider him almost like one of our gods.

But it was Penn's son who cheated our people. His name was Thomas Penn, and he was responsible for the "Walking Purchase" or "Indian Walk" in 1737.

We had agreed to sell him valuable land near Easton, Pennsylvania. It was our best hunting land, at a fork of the Delaware River. Penn agreed to pay a certain price for as much land as a man could cover by walking in a day and a half.

Instead of walkers, Penn sent his swiftest runners. They didn't walk, they ran. In a day and a half they did not stop. They didn't take time out to smoke or eat; they ran. In all more than 66 miles were covered by their fastest "walker." For a low price they stole more than a half a million acres.

Later on, Quakers condemned Thomas Penn's action, but we never got our land back.

That is why we are moving west. Ahead lies Iriquois country, and the Delaware and the Iriquois have never been friends. I do not know what will happen—we cannot forever continue moving into the land of other tribes, but the white settlers are pushing us westward. And we must keep moving.

Whatever happens, I will fight for what I believe is right, and I will bring honor to my name, Swift Deer, and to my people, the *Leni-Lenape*, the Chosen People.



Swords clash in a darkened wood as...

ZORRO OUTWITS DEATH

The rancho of Alejandro de la Vega was usually quiet and peaceful, but this evening there was much activity. The commandante of the pueblo of Los Angeles had tracked the night-rider Zorro to a point near the Vega property. The soldiers' horses were hobbled in the Vega corral, and lancers stood watch around the Vega home. In the living room, or *sala*, the commandante strode back and forth. Standing by a sideboard, helping himself to the fresh fruit and washing it down with vintage wine, was fat, unshaven Sergeant Garcia.

Don Alejandro stood by the huge, tiled fireplace. He was angry that his home should be taken over by the soldiers who were unjustly persecuting and imprisoning his neighbors.

His son, Don Diego, seemed unconcerned. He sat straight and handsome in a ruffled shirt and delicately embroidered silk dressing gown. He played on the heavy oak piano, which had been brought around Cape Horn to Los Angeles all the way from Spain. Don Diego appeared to concentrate on an old Castilian song he was playing, but actually he was listening carefully to every word the commandante spoke.

For Don Diego was more than a young dandy returned from the university of Spain. He was also the masked man Zorro, who rode by night to right the wrongs done the citizens of Los Angeles by the greedy commandante and magistrate.

"I'm sure Zorro is in this house," stormed the commandante.

"That would seem hard to believe," said Diego, smiling.

"He is *not* in this house," stated Sergeant Garcia, who waddled like an overfed duck to the commandante.

"Silence!" thundered the captain. "I followed Zorro to this rancho. He *must* be in this house."

"But I have ordered the entire building searched," protested Garcia, "and I personally inspected the lower portions."

"You searched the wine cellar, you mean," corrected the captain.

"I can swear he is not hiding in any of the wine casks," boasted Garcia proudly, "and my loyal troops report he is nowhere else in the building."

"Then he is hiding on the grounds. He must know them well, for I believe Zorro to be none other than Don Alejandro's head vaquero, Benito."

"But capitan," pleaded Garcia, spitting grape seeds past Don Alejandro into the fireplace, "you have already captured Benito twice and let him go. You said the lovesick Indian vaquero could not possibly be Zorro."

"Well, *now* I say he is. When he is brought to me, we shall have a trial, then a public execution. We will be rid of this bandit Zorro."

Diego coughed slightly and patted his mouth with a handkerchief. "All this talk of executions gives me indigestion," he said, standing up at the piano. "With your kind permission, I will retire to my room."

"Diego, stay where you are," commanded his father. "You will soon be the master of this rancho, and you must stand up for your men, especially those as valuable as Benito."

"Father, I try. I really do," said Don Diego, "but I cannot stomach all this talk of violence. I think I shall go upstairs and read poetry." So saying, he walked from the room, coughing again into his handkerchief.

Don Alejandro watched his son with sadness. He did not know his son was Zorro. Nor did anybody know, except Don Diego's faithful servant, Bernardo. But Bernardo was a mute and could not speak, so the secret was safe.

"There is work for Zorro tonight," said Diego to Bernardo as he closed his bedroom door. "The capitan is determined to seek out Benito and hang him. Get me the mask and cloak, and we must find Benito before the lancers bring him in. Quickly, there is no time to lose." He pressed a hidden button, and a secret panel slid open. Both Diego and Bernardo stepped behind it.

A secret passageway led downstairs from Diego's bedroom, past the library, and underground for nearly a quarter of a mile to the cavern where Diego kept his sleek, black horse, Tornado. Only Diego and Bernardo knew of the passageway. Even Diego's father, Don Alejandro, did not know of its existence.

Don Diego pulled off the ruffles and silk and donned the black clothing, mask and cloak that made him Zorro, the champion of the people. Stationing Bernardo in the bedroom, he stealthily made his way down the secret stairway and out the hidden passage until he reached the cavern where Tornado was corralled.

Working with sureness and speed, Zorro saddled his black horse and led him through the thick brush concealing the narrow opening of the cave. Once outside, Zorro mounted Tornado and spurred him on. "We must hurry and find Benito," he whispered to the horse. "I think I know where he is hiding."

Gracefully Tornado galloped through the canyon. The horse knew the trail well, and he expertly dodged between boulders and rocks that would slow any other horse. When they neared a thick wood, Zorro reined his horse and slowed him to a walk.

At the edge of the trees Zorro called softly, "Benito."

There was no answer, but Zorro could hear rustling in the grove. "Benito, it is Zorro. Where are you?"

From the darkness a voice replied, "Oh, Zorro! I thought it might have been the commandante."

Foe of Zorro is the greedy commandante, who rules over the tiny pueblo of Los Angeles with an evil hand.



Based on the character created by Johnston McCulley



Having sent Benito to safety, Zorro leads the heavy-footed lancers a merry chase on horseback.

Zorro dismounted and walked forward to speak with Benito.

"How did you find this place?" asked Benito. "Only Don Diego and a few of my close friends know of this grove."

"I know many things, Benito. I know you are running away, but that you have no plan for escape. And without a plan, you will surely be caught by the lancers."

"But if I stay," said Benito earnestly, "I will be hanged because they think I am you!"

"Here is what you must do," instructed Zorro. "Take a horse and ride to Monterey. See the governor, who is now aware of the injustice and suffering caused by the commandante. Tell him your story, and I am sure he will offer you protection. Soon we will be rid of this evil commandante, and you will return to your job as vaquero."

"I will do that, senor," replied Benito. "And I am thankful."

"Where is your horse?" asked the masked man.

"Under the cover of night, my close friends are bringing it to me. I am hoping the lancers will not see them taking the horse from the stables."

"What!" exclaimed Zorro. "Bringing the horse here? The commandante will certainly follow them. There is not time to lose. We must set a trap."

Running to a nearby tree, Zorro tied one end of his lariat to the trunk. He stretched the rope across the trail and hid himself in the bushes. Then he settled down to wait.

Soon two vaqueros, leading Benito's horse by the halter, trotted down the path. They went directly to Benito's hiding place, and in the dim light Zorro could see Benito tying his pack to the saddle. But before he was through the commandante and his lancers came riding through the brush.

"Aha, Zorro, we have you now," called the commandante to Benito.

The captain was in the lead, and Zorro let him ride beyond the lariat before he pulled it tight across the trail. He had sprung his trap.

Sergeant Garcia and his horse plowed into the rope. The horse stumbled, but Sergeant Garcia continued sailing straight ahead and bashed his head against a walnut tree. He hit the ground and when he tried to get up and help his captain, he slipped on loose walnuts and fell again into the tree trunk. Using sound judgement gained from his many years as a soldier of the king, he decided to lie back and nurse the lump on his head rather than help to fight Zorro.

Other lancers were falling over each other as their horses tripped on the taut rope. In the confusion the horses milled aimlessly about. The troops could not locate their mounts in the darkness, and the air was filled with men calling their animals and their sergeant.

In the meantime, Zorro ran forward to help the vaquero Benito.

The commandante had pulled his sword and faced the terrified Benito, who had no weapon. The captain snarled, "And you, bandit, had best begin saying your prayers."

Zorro, his sword already drawn out of the scabbard, called, "If it is Zorro you seek, capitan, here I am!"

The commandante wheeled and faced Zorro. The two touched blades and the duel began. The commandante was good, but Zorro was better. With parries and thrusts Zorro forced the captain away from Benito. The captain gave way little by little, retreating over ground covered with roots and vines. The masked man slashed and cut, swinging his blade faster than the eye could see.

The commandante tried to call his men, but the lancers staggered blindly amid the loose horses.

Zorro yelled at Benito, "Mount your horse, and ride. Go now. Quickly!" Benito rode out of the woods to safety, and Zorro pressed forward, the clashing blades singing of danger.

The commandante, backing up, slipped on a stone and fell to his knees. As Zorro prepared to disarm his foe, he saw Sergeant Garcia, who was charging like a nearsighted buffalo. The lancers, following the sergeant, approached with pistols drawn.

Zorro darted into the thick brush and ran to Tornado, who was standing quietly in the woods. He leaped on his

mount and galloped from the trees as pistol shots sounded from the clearing.

"To horse! To horse!" shouted Garcia, who could not find his own mount. The commandante, recovered from his fall, located his horse and led his lancers in chasing the black-cloaked Zorro.

The wind felt cool on Zorro's face as he and Tornado galloped swiftly across the land Zorro knew from his childhood. Using familiar trails, he kept barely ahead of the pursuing commandante and the lancers. His black clothing blended with the dark woods and made it impossible for the lancers to see their target.

Zorro pulled Tornado to the left and down a gravel path into an arroyo. When he had reached the bed of the shallow canyon, he rode his horse to a large rock. Rider and horse poised silently behind the boulder, where they could not be seen, and watched the pursuers.

The lancers, with the commandante in the lead thundered down the gravel pathway and continued galloping down the arroyo. Zorro watched them until they were out of sight. Then he urged Tornado up the path and along the arroyo edge.

In the still night Zorro heard the captain call his men and command them to return to the Vega house for regrouping. Zorro knew he had to act with haste. Using a little-known path through the rocks, he returned to the secret canyon and the hidden cavern.

Tying Tornado in the corral, Zorro quickly made his way up the passage to his room. With Bernardo's help he slipped on a dressing gown and walked down the staircase as the commandante stormed in the front door.

"I heard noises, and they disturbed me so much I could not read my poetry," Don Diego complained.

"You think about poetry when Zorro has escaped with the prisoner," roared the commandante.

"But you said the prisoner *was* Zorro. Are there two of them?" asked Diego in all innocence.

Garcia followed the captain into the *sala* and went directly to the fruit bowl.

Don Diego ran his fingers idly over the piano keys. "You know, father," he said, "I do believe the piano needs tuning."

His father looked at him in exasperation. The commandante glared. Garcia, dropping a peach pit on the floor and taking another big gulp of wine, paid no attention to Diego's complaint. Nobody seemed to hear him...nobody except Bernardo, who winked and held up his hand, forming a circle with his thumb and finger to indicate a job well done.



The bungling Sergeant Garcia gasps as Zorro approaches.

Don Diego's father, Don Alejandro, does not know his son is Zorro.





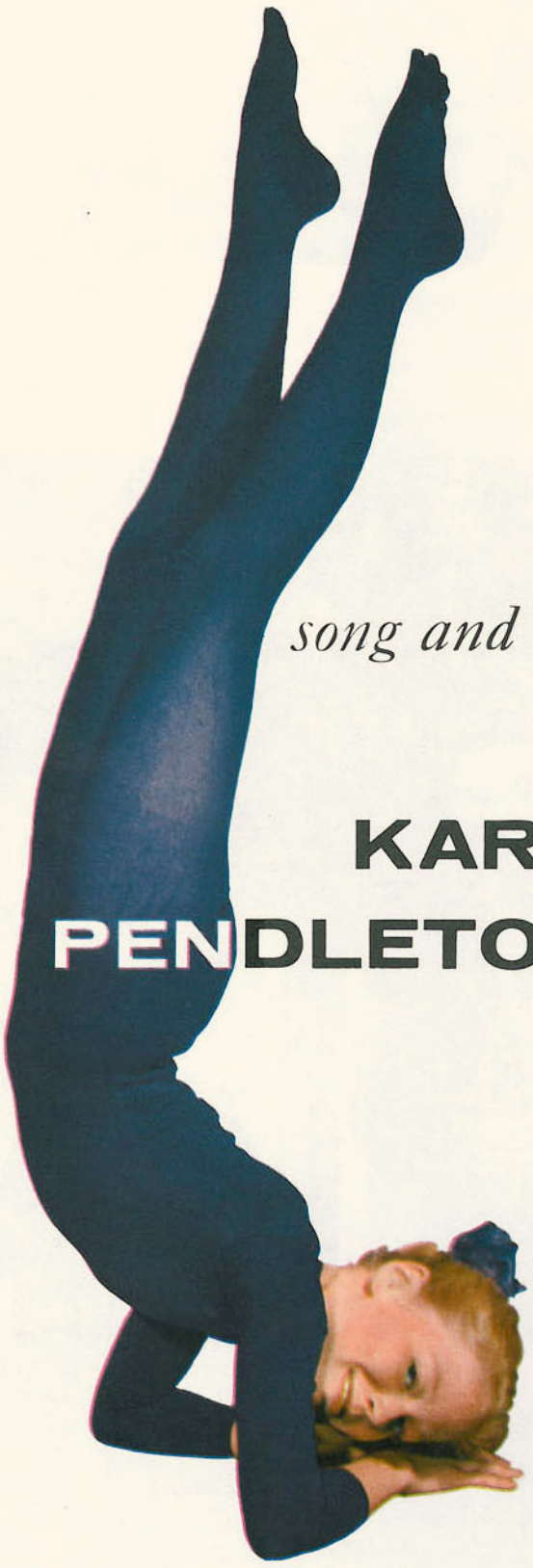
She keeps her large doll collection in her bedroom.

Karen exercises in blue tights (left) and then rests (below).



song and dance girl...

KAREN PENDLETON



photographs by ROGER DAVIDSON

On Karen Pendleton's bed in her North Hollywood home, along with a variety of dolls from all over the world, is a little stuffed tiger. It has a special meaning for Karen—it was given to her by George Keller, famous animal trainer, when she posed with one of his real-life jungle cats.

"I was scared to death," Karen admits. "There were no bars between me and this great big lion—just the two of us sitting on some hay. Mr. Keller and the photographer were there—but still, it was pretty scarey sitting next to a lion."

Karen's other extra-special assignments during her four years as a Mouseketeer include being photographed on a yellow elephant and, with Cubby O'Brien, on a pink elephant, as well as performing an aerial ballet on a swinging circus ladder.

The eleven-year-old cherry blonde takes her work as



Karen sings into a make-believe microphone in her backyard.

She relaxes in the living room with her dolls and toys.



a Mouseketeer quite seriously. She loves singing and dancing—they are her whole life. She has been dancing since she was three and a half, when a Sunday School teacher suggested she perform at a Cub Scout benefit show. In the beginning she took ballet, tap and acrobatic dancing. When she was eight she began toe dancing. She still takes lessons and practices at home in royal blue tights or pink capri pants and pink sweater. She often sings and dances in her backyard, using a make-believe "microphone" made from her brother's music stand topped by a tin can.

Karen even uses her dancing training to relax—she lies on her back with her feet high in the air. She also relaxes by swimming, usually in Cubby's pool. She has been swimming since she was six, when she was barely tall enough to stand in the shallow end of a pool, and the water lapped about her chin. She enjoys roller skating (with Cubby), ice skating (with Cubby) and horseback riding (with Cubby and, of course, two horses). Cubby and Karen are close friends, and last Christmas he gave her a big doll and she gave him a football outfit.

At home, Karen likes to play store, office and cowboy. Her cousin always plays the cowboy and Karen the cowgirl. Her love of cowboys carries over to television. Her favorite programs are *Cheyenne, Maverick, Sugarfoot, Zorro, Ozzie and Harriet* "because it's funny," and *The Thin Man* because her favorite actor is Peter Lawford, who plays the title role.

Karen's favorite movies have been *Bambi* and *The King and I*. She loved the dresses in *The King and I*—the fancy hoop-skirts reminded her of the dolls she keeps in her pink and aqua bedroom. While he was shooting the photographs on these pages, Roger Davidson refused to let Karen sit on the bed with her dolls. "You look too much like a doll yourself," he said.

Karen's ambition is to be an actress who combines singing and dancing in her career. Next Karen would like to be a secretary "with buzzers" or, even better, a switchboard operator "with pushbuttons and plugs and things." Third choice is a ballerina.

Though many dancers must watch their diets, Karen doesn't have to worry. Her favorite foods are fried chicken, macaroni and cheese, and steak. For dessert she prefers vanilla ice cream. But when she gets to go out for dinner, her favorite meal is the glorified hamburger that is served at countless drive-in restaurants in southern California.

Karen has traveled a good deal, but not as a Mouseketeer. Before she joined the Walt Disney Studio the family accompanied her father to a convention in New York. They drove east along the northern route and returned through the south. Karen has been in 33 states and in Canada.

Karen's mother is especially happy with her family. "Now I have a singer, a trumpet player and a dancer," she says. The singer is Karen's 26-year-old sister Yvonne. The trumpet player is 18-year-old brother Kent, who plays in an Air Force combo in Japan. The dancer, of course, is Karen—a favorite not only with the Pendleton family but with thousands of fans throughout the United States and Canada.

Those hilarious, happy, early days of

BASEBALL

by David and Carol Jackson



Al Schacht, known as the Clown Prince of Baseball, was once batting in the last of the ninth with two out and the potential winning run on third base. He marched to home plate with a lantern and shouted, "I will get a hit, blow out my lantern and you folks can all go home."

With that he set the lantern on home plate and singled to right field. He ran to first, returned to home plate, picked up the lantern and blew. At that moment all the lights in the ball park went out.



In modern stadiums freak accidents are rare, though many a frustrated major league fielder has looked for a ball in ivy or a wire fence while the runner circled the bases. Several decades ago Honus Wagner got an in-the-park home run when the outfielder attempted a leaping catch and his belt got caught in a nail on the fence. He dangled helplessly in mid-air while Wagner circled the bases and crossed home plate.

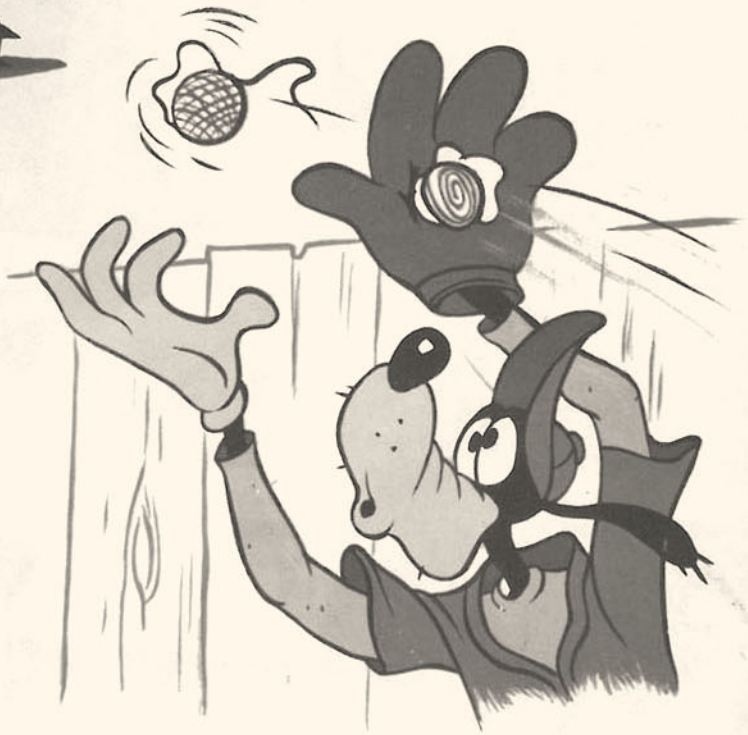


Before floodlights were installed in modern ball parks, one fearsome fastballer—some say it was Walter Johnson—used the late-afternoon darkness to advantage. His pitches were so fast hardly anybody could see the ball, so he plotted with his catcher. The catcher kept the ball, and the pitcher made believe he was throwing. The catcher popped the ball in his glove, and the umpire yelled, "Strike one!" The batter objected—he claimed the pitch was high.

illustrated by BARNHART/CHAPMAN



Many years ago two towns, Cascade and Buckhorn, were playing a grudge match. With Cascade ahead, 1-0, and two out in the ninth, a Buckhorn batter lofted a high fly to left field. As the fielder got under the ball, it came apart—half landed in the glove and the other half sailed over the fence. The umpire started to call the batter out, but that wasn't safe with such a large home crowd. The visiting Cascade team looked big and menacing, so he couldn't call it a home run. He compromised, and the final score read: Cascade 1; Buckhorn, ½.



Many a grade school player has tried to coax a slow roller over into foul territory by blowing on the ball. Is it legal? Several years ago a player in the International League did the same thing, and oddly enough, nobody protested. But next morning the league president issued a proclamation which read, in part: "You can't blow the ball foul hereafter in this league..."

The crack of the bat. The roar of the crowd. The runner sliding safely into home.

Baseball is with us again. Termed our national pastime, baseball is played, with varying degrees of skill, by the young and young at heart from first and second graders to talented veterans such as Stan Musial and Ted Williams.

The top players are honored in the Baseball Hall of Fame, located in the quiet New York village of Cooperstown. Legend has it that in Cooperstown, in 1839, Abner Doubleday laid out a diamond and played the first game of baseball.

The Hall of Fame was dedicated in 1939, but as it was being opened the truth of the Doubleday story was being questioned. Today most historians agree that Doubleday did not play ball in 1839. They contend he was at West Point, more interested in soldiering than baseball. (He later distinguished himself as a general in the Western Wars.)

These scholars credit Alexander Cartwright, an engineer, with designing the first diamond with bases 90 feet apart, limiting teams to nine players and writing rules which have become the basis for modern baseball. Cartwright did this in 1845 for the Knickerbocker Baseball Club of New York. For his action he is called "The Father of Modern Baseball."

Actually, baseball has its roots in England. A clergyman of Maidstone, England, complained in 1700 about boys playing "Base Ball on the Sabbath," according to Historian John Durant. Forty-four years later *A Little Pretty Pocket Book*, printed in London, contained a picture of a baseball game. In 1762, this booklet was reprinted in New York, and by 1830 boys all over New England were playing a variation of baseball.

These games were called by many names—*rounders, town ball, one old cat, two old cat, three old cat.* They sometimes resembled the present game of *work-up*, in which each player takes every position until he works his way up to batter.

In the old days innings were called *hands*, and runs were termed *aces.* The game was won when one team scored 21 aces, no matter how many hands it took. In 1857, the National Association of Base-Ball Players set nine innings as the length of a game.

In 1869 came the first salaried team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings. Featuring a hot-shot slugger named George Wright, who hit 59 home runs and batted .518, they barnstormed in 1869, going undefeated in 57 games. They played 92 contests with one tie before losing their first game.

The first National League, formed in 1876, was composed of the Cincinnati team, Chicago, St. Louis, Hartford, Boston, Louisville, the New York Mutuals and the Philadelphia Athletics.

Baseball has come a long way since the days of Cartwright and Doubleday. Exactly who started the game is unimportant—the thing to remember is that during the last century it has entertained billions of people from coal miners to steeplejacks, from young boys to great-grandmothers. It's called the national pastime, and understandably so.



Annette and Jet spent a lot of time together. Jet tried to protect Annette from all the ugly talk that Laura stirred up.

Annette

by Lillie Hayward, Part II *Adapted from the television story of the same name*

Synopsis: It all started at Val Abernathy's party, when we met Annette for the first time. She had moved to Ashford right off the farm in a wide place in the road called Beaver Junction, Nebraska, and she was very, very lovely. Stephen Abernathy liked her, and this annoyed Laura Rogan, who had had Stephen wrapped around her little finger before Annette showed up. When Laura lost her necklace, she practically accused Annette of taking it. Annette started to avoid Laura, and all of us, and spent her time with a girl named Jet Maypen. Stephen asked Annette to be entertainment chairman for the tenth grade, and Annette accepted, but when she showed up at the first committee meeting, she announced that she wanted Jet to be her assistant. This was fine with us—we all liked Jet—but Laura blew her stack. She got off a few particularly nasty cracks about Jet, and then demanded to know what happened to her necklace. Annette was so upset that she left the meeting. Mike Martin, the good-looking boy who works in the malt shop after school, left the meeting and went after her.

After Annette walked out and Mike went after her, the meeting just fell apart. Val, Moselle and I were too discouraged to even talk to Laura, and she was in such a rage it was probably just as well we didn't try. She gathered up her things and stamped out, and the rest of us sat around doodling on Stephen's nice clean notepads. After a while, Mike came back. Annette wasn't with him.

"She won't be back here tonight," Mike reported. "I guess I don't blame her. But I convinced her that we don't believe Laura, and she's going to stay on the committee."

"That's good," said Stephen. "I was afraid at first that she was really through."

At this point Val piped up. "Just the same, we've got to make Laura stop this. Mother doesn't know anything about it, and I'll bet Annette's aunt doesn't either. And if they find out, the lid will really blow off."

"Yeah!" Steady put in. "We should talk to Laura. Make her cut it out."

We broke up then, and went on home. It was too late to

Based on the book "Margaret" by Janette Sebring Lowrey, published by Harper & Bros.

get anything done, and anyway no one was in the mood to work on a Thanksgiving party.

Mike and Stephen and Steady did try to talk to Laura the next day. They were all there when she came into the malt shop at noon. It didn't work worth a darn. I asked Steady later what they'd said to her, and he told me that they'd said Annette was a nice girl who wouldn't hurt a flea, and she wouldn't even think of taking anything that didn't belong to her. They also pointed out that if Laura knew Annette like they did, she'd realize that.

Now honestly! Boys are so dumb sometimes.

Then Stephen got the idea into his little pointed noggin that if Annette herself went and talked to Laura and asked her nicely to stop spreading nasty rumors, Laura would stop. This *might* have worked (I doubt it, but it might have) if Laura hadn't driven past Annette's house and seen Annette and Stephen parked outside in Steve's convertible, talking the whole project over. Unfortunately, Stephen and Laura had had a tennis date, and Stephen had forgotten about it. What a scene Laura made about that!

So in the midst of this merry mess, the plans went forward for the pre-Thanksgiving party. Jet turned out to be a real help on this. She had a lot of drive and pep, and she worked out a real cute song and dance routine that she did with Steady Ware. And Annette and Mike had a keen duet ready. Laura planned to perform, too, but she wouldn't let anybody in on what her number was. Ever the prima donna!

As the rehearsals went on, we all got to like Jet more and more. She was funny and fresh and gay. But she was really a rugged individualist, and she could be sarcastic when she felt like it. It was easy to see that she tried to protect Annette. I think Laura must have been a little bit afraid of that razor tongue of hers, because she was careful never to pick on Annette when Jet was around.

Two weeks before Thanksgiving, Val and Stephen decided to throw a barbecue at the Abernathy's country place at Spring Branch. It was to be a real wing-ding, with a hayride out to Spring Branch and a steak dinner at the ranch. Stephen and Mike both asked Annette to come, and she turned them both down. She and Jet had planned to spend the day together at Jet's, and Annette's Uncle Archie was included in the party. He was looking forward to the day in the country with Jet's dad, and Annette wouldn't disappoint him.

The hayride got off to a very peaceful start. Laura was in her glory. Annette wasn't around to cramp her style, and she had Stephen and Mike all to herself.

It's quite a long ride out to Spring Branch, especially when you're riding in a hay wagon, but no one seemed to mind. It was a beautiful day and we were all singing and kidding around. Laura, dressed in the best-looking pair of western pants I've ever seen, was practically purring at Steve and Mike, Kitty Blalock was teasing Steady Ware, Steady was pretending to hate it, as usual, and all was happiness and harmony.

Then we passed Jet Maypen's place. Laura stuck her nose up in the air at the sight of it, and said something about how "ghastly" it would be to live "way out here in the sticks."

Stephen and Mike didn't think it was ghastly at all. They thought it was kind of nice—at least Stephen did. He's always had a yen for the simple life, and the Maypen ranch looked pretty good to him.

It was Steve who suggested we stop and ask Jet and Annette to come along to the barbecue. Annette's uncle didn't mind. He and Mr. Maypen were just starting out for the trout stream that runs across the Maypen place, and they certainly didn't need Jet and Annette to help them. So the two girls climbed up onto the hay wagon and we were off again.

The Abernathy ranch is a keen place for a barbecue. There's a big open patio with braziers for grilling the steaks, and a record player for dancing, and a swimming pool – the works. Mr. and Mrs. Abernathy were already there when we arrived, and they had everything pretty nearly ready for the party. All we had to do was set the tables in the patio and wait for the steaks to be done.

Val put a record on the player, and Jet and Steady went into their routine. We were all just standing around watching them, when I saw Laura heading toward the brazier where Steve was helping his father with the steaks. But just as Laura came up, Steve danced away with Annette. I thought, "Uh-Oh, here we go again."

Laura stood still and watched them go, with a vacant sort of look on her face, when Mike came to the rescue and asked her to dance. I don't know whether he'd seen what had happened



Laura Rogan was the smoothest girl in our crowd, and Stephen Abernathy certainly wasn't immune to her charms.



Jet had a lot of pep and drive and had worked out a cute song and dance routine for the entertainment.

and felt sorry for her or not, but it did the trick. She waltzed away with him, happy as a clam, giving him the full treatment – soft, gooey smile, sweet little whispers and all. But she kept watching Annette and Stephen over his shoulder.

When the steaks were ready, and everyone lined up to get his or her plate, Laura moved in for the kill. Stephen was just stepping away from the brazier with two full plates in his hands and Laura swooped down on him, sort of trailing Mike behind her, and said, "What luscious looking steaks. Come on, Stevie, our table's all set."

Stephen turned red and said, "I'm sorry, Laura, but this is for Annette."

I almost began to feel sorry for Laura. This just wasn't her day. But she didn't give up easily.

"Oh, Stevie!" she said, sweet-like, "Aren't you the cute thing! Have you forgotten that I'm the girl you brought?"

Stephen looked very embarrassed and I heard him mumble something about how we all came together. Laura just didn't see it that way.

"Look, Stephen," she snapped. "I've had about enough of this!"

Stephen frosted up right away. "Enough of what?"

"Enough of that girl," said Laura, and she didn't bother to keep her voice down. "It's about time you and everybody else found out just what she is! I've kept still long enough."

Everyone who was talking stopped, and looked at Laura, and everyone who was eating stopped, and looked at Laura, and it didn't faze her a bit. It bothered Stephen, though—a lot. He turned his back on Laura and walked right to the table where Annette and Jet were waiting.

I glanced at Annette to see how she was taking all this. She looked positively crushed. But Jet Maypen wasn't crushed. She was mad. There was a deep red color creeping up over her face and her mouth pinched down at the corners. She muttered something to Annette, and Annette put her hand out in a pleading kind of way.

Laura realized then that she'd gone too far. Everyone was staring at her, shocked. She pulled herself together and started to smile, as if to say she didn't really mean it, and walked over to Stephen.

"Oh, Stevie, this is all too silly," she began, but she never got any farther. At that point Jet stepped in.

"You remind me of a weasel," Jet said, calmly and loudly, looking Laura straight in the eye. "Critter sneaks into a hen house, grabs a pullet by the leg and skunks out on his belly. Pullet squawks a little but that's all. Pretty cute."

"I don't know what you're talking about—you and your pullets and hen houses. Come on, Stephen—we don't have to listen to this!" Laura tried to take Stephen's arm, but Jet wouldn't let her. She stepped up close to Laura.

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about," she said. Her voice was starting to shake. "I've had all I'm gonna take of your hinting and whispering and talking about Annette behind her back. Now you're gonna say it straight out. Come on, no more skunking out—say it!"

Laura tried to get away from Jet. She was scared, and she didn't want to come right out and accuse Annette. But Jet kept hold of her arm. "Say it now, I dare you. Go ahead and say it!" And she shook Laura.

Laura twisted around and tried to get away, but Stephen wouldn't help her, and Jet wouldn't let go. Finally she screeched, "Oh, all right, I *will* say it. She took my necklace."

The words weren't out of her mouth before Jet drew back and let her have a quick fist right in the face.

Have you ever seen two girls fight? I hadn't. At least, not since I was about ten. It's quite a spectacle. Jet and Laura went right down on the ground and rolled over and over and legs and arms went in all directions. Jet kept yelling "Take it back! Take it back!" Laura didn't yell anything. She was too busy trying to keep her hair from being torn out, and then she was too busy trying to tear Jet's hair out. She kept pounding at Jet and Jet didn't even seem to feel it. She was giving out much better than she got.

Stephen and Mr. Abernathy danced around the edges of the scrimmage trying to get a grip on one or both of the

girls and yank them apart, but things were moving a little too fast. Steady kept jumping up and down on one foot and moaning "Oh, Gee. Oh, Gosh. Oh, Gee." Then he ran up to the girls and yelled, "Atta girl, Jet. Let her have it."

Laura scrambled out from under for a second and started to run, but Jet took after her and caught her right on the edge of the swimming pool.

That ended it. A left hook to the eye, a right jab to the ribs, and the two of them went in the drink.

The fellows hauled them out. Laura looked like a drowned cat; her clothes were torn, her face was scratched, and one eye was beginning to close. She was hysterical. Mrs. Abernathy and Val bundled her off to the house, and Stephen ran to get a blanket for Jet—who didn't look good either. Jet astonished everyone by going completely feminine and collapsing in tears into Stephen's arms. He stood there and patted her on the shoulder and made "There! There!" sounds at her.

The barbecue was definitely over.

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Well, of course, after a knockdown, drag-out fight, there wasn't any use in even *trying* to keep the lost necklace bit quiet. Mrs. Abernathy wormed the whole story out of Val, and promptly offered to buy another necklace for Laura. Laura wouldn't accept it. And when Jet went dragging home with her clothes in tatters and a black eye, Mr. Maypen found out all about it and told Annette's Uncle Archie. And Uncle Archie told Aunt Lila.

Poor Annette! It wasn't that her uncle and aunt weren't behind her a hundred percent. But she felt she'd brought trouble on them.

Mike never told anyone what happened that night, but Mr. Foster, the stationmaster at Ashford, told. He saw Annette come into the station about 8:30, carrying her old straw suitcase. She sat down on the platform, obviously waiting for the train. I guess she was on her way back to Beaver Junction. Just as Mr. Foster was about to call the McCleod house to tell Uncle Archie and Aunt Lila she was there, he saw Mike come hurrying up. Annette and Mike talked together a bit, then Mike picked up her suitcase and they walked away together, back toward Elm Street.

Laura didn't come to school the next week. As Moselle put it, the fight hadn't done her appearance a bit of good. Jet came, black eye and all, and Annette came too. It must have been pretty hard for her to face everyone—the whole school was talking about the fight—but she did it, she and Jet together. Mike was pretty much in evidence all week, lending moral support, and so was Stephen. By the time Friday rolled around, Jet's black eye was fading to a smudgy yellow, Annette was beginning to smile again, and we were all due for another meeting of the entertainment committee at Abernathy's house.

Laura came to the meeting. The battle scars were healed, and she was looking her old, sleek self. Stephen must have been anxious to smooth things over and make the best of a bad situation because he started the meeting by asking Laura to do her song for everyone. She was delighted, of course, and sat down at the piano.

But the strangest thing happened as soon as she started to play. She'd only gotten out a few notes when she hit a bad key. It zinged. She stopped, looked puzzled, and began again. The key zinged again.

"This thing needs tuning," she said, and she started to tap the sour note.

"Wait a minute," Stephen walked up to the piano. "It's not out of tune. There's something in there."

Mike jumped to help Stephen. They practically took the piano apart. And I guess none of us were too terribly surprised at what they found.

That's right. It was the necklace.

"You see, Laura," Stephen said, very gently. "It wasn't stolen at all. It must have slipped off the piano while you were singing that night."

Laura was shocked. "But that's impossible. We looked in the piano."

"Yes, but we didn't look deep enough. At any rate, that's apparently where it's been all this time."

Laura apologized to Annette then, and Annette was very nice about it. She said she'd like to be friends with Laura. And since apologies seemed to be the order of the day, Jet apologized for smacking Laura.

That's about all there is to the story. Laura finished out the term at Old South and went back east. Annette and Mike started dating pretty steadily. And Jet—well, that's a funny thing. I passed Jet's place out near Spring Branch the other day and Stephen Abernathy's car was there, in the yard. And lately Stephen's talking a lot about his future. Seems he wants to be a farmer.

So maybe this isn't the end of the story. Maybe it's just the beginning.

"You remind me of a weasel," Jet said, looking Laura straight in the eye.



the boy who needed courage

by James Nelson



illustrated by BILL BOSCHE

Thomas Ford Bannister, fifteen, wiped a moist palm across the seat of his bluejeans and wondered why he'd come. He'd been warned about mines—especially old abandoned ones. He'd heard all the stories about slides and cave-ins... and yet, here he was, trudging up the dusty canyon road, sneaking away from the Crystal Creek summer camp with Evelyn and Thatch. Headed for a mine.

He'd just been standing there, talking to Evelyn near the crafts tent, trying to work up his courage. He knew he didn't have enough. He'd wanted to ask Evelyn if, when they got back to Chicago—it was funny, them both coming from the same part of Chicago, both going to this camp in Colorado—anyhow, he wanted to ask if he could take her to a movie. It took courage, a whole lot of it, especially if the girl was as pretty as Evelyn, and a little taller than you, to boot.

And then old Thatch had come along. Thatcher Hancock was fifteen, too, but a great big guy for his age. He came from a town in Ohio, and Tom figured if Thatch was a fair sample it must not be much of a town.

"Why don't we just sneak off and take a look at it?" Thatch had said. He'd said it mostly to Evelyn—he was talking about this old mine they'd passed on their hike the day before. Tom had hoped that since it was against the rules of Crystal Creek Camp to go hiking without a counselor—and since Evelyn was a girl—she'd say no. But instead, she'd turned to him, her big brown eyes shining, and said, "Shall we, Tom?"

What could *he* say?

So here he was, walking up Crystal Creek Canyon, feeling the grit in the toe of his left sneaker, the warm, late-afternoon sun on his face, the thin, pure mountain air in his lungs. And the sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"We're not actually going *inside* the mine, are we?" Evelyn asked. She said it like the idea gave her all sorts of delicious little shivers.

Thatch turned to Tom, real offhand, and said, "I'm going in. Are you?"

It was sort of a challenge, and Tom didn't like challenges.

"I don't know," he said, trying to sound casual.

"Whatsa matter—you scared?"

Right in front of Evelyn, this ape had to start that kind of talk. "I just haven't made up my mind, that's all!" Tom said. It sounded lame.

Thatch let it drop for a while and they began talking about old Fellowes, who ran Crystal Creek Camp, and about what a priss he was.

And then Thatch saw the poison ivy. It was down by the swift, crashing waters of Crystal Creek. The stream paralleled the road, only below it, down 30 to 40 feet of steep canyonside.

"Hey," Thatch said, pointing. "Look at that."

"Look at what?" Evelyn said, sounding all excited, like it might be a snake or a grizzly or something.

"That big poison ivy patch," Thatch said.

"Oh," Evelyn said, sounding disappointed.

"Bannister," Thatch said, turning to Tom, "I dare you to walk through that with your shirt off."

Tom shook his head dubiously. "What for?" he said.

"Whatsa matter. You chicken?"

"Heck, no," Tom said. "I just don't see the point."

"He's chicken," Thatch said to Evelyn. "Watch this."

Thatch stripped off his shirt and started down the steep slope toward the creek, skidding, sliding, throwing up a shower of pebbles. Next thing, he was parading back and forth through the poison ivy, tearing off leaves and rubbing his chest with them.

"I wouldn't do that for a million dollars!" Evelyn said.

Tom watched glumly as Thatch started back up to the road. How could any girl admire a big jerk like Thatch, just because he did some dumb thing? It was beyond him. If that was what it took to get a girl, Tom guessed he'd never have one.

Thatch was back on the road now, grinning at Evelyn. "Never bothers me," he said, putting his shirt back on. "Some people just can't take it, that's all."

"Gee, that's amazing," Evelyn said, and Tom decided the heck with the darn movie if she was that kind of girl. Only ... he looked at her again, and wished he were a couple of inches taller—two inches would be plenty.

"Come on, let's go," Thatch said. So they all started up the road again, and when old Thatch took hold of Evelyn's hand—boy that really made Tom boil! He wanted to step up, spin Thatch around, and bust him one right on the chin!

He didn't of course. Thatch outweighed him by nearly thirty pounds. He was taller, too. Not that Tom wasn't wiry, but ... well, he guessed something vital had been left out of his makeup. It was courage, that's what it was. He never had enough. He always *wanted* to do those brave things, like the time out in Lake Forest when some of Georgie Nirvan's crazy friends had jumped off the roof of the Nirvan's old carriage house. Tom wouldn't jump. He'd *wanted* to, all right, so's he'd have something to brag about, something to prove he wasn't afraid. Only ... the fact was, he *was* afraid. Besides, it just seemed plain stupid. But in the end—just like Georgie said—no one broke any bones or anything.

The canyon turned, the road turned, the dashing creek below the road turned, and now they were walking in deep shadow at the bottom of a narrowing gorge. Their ankles were red with road dust, and Tom could feel perspiration trickling down his back under his white T-shirt.

They stopped, looked up. "There she is," Thatch said.

Tilting his head back, Tom saw, far above them, the tiny gray platform of spilled earth and shattered rock that marked the entrance to the mine. Evelyn turned toward him.

"Do you think we ought to go all the way up there?"

It looked like a long, hard, dangerous climb to Tom. He looked at his wristwatch. "I don't know," he said. "It *is* getting kind of late."

"Whatsa matter, Bannister," Thatch taunted. "You trying to chicken out again?"

"Heck, no!" Tom said. He knew he said it too emphatically. "No ... it's just, we want to get back to camp before they miss us, don't we?"

"Nobody'd miss you if you never got back," Thatch said.

Tom glared at Thatch and clenched his fists. But Thatch and Evelyn were both still looking almost straight up.

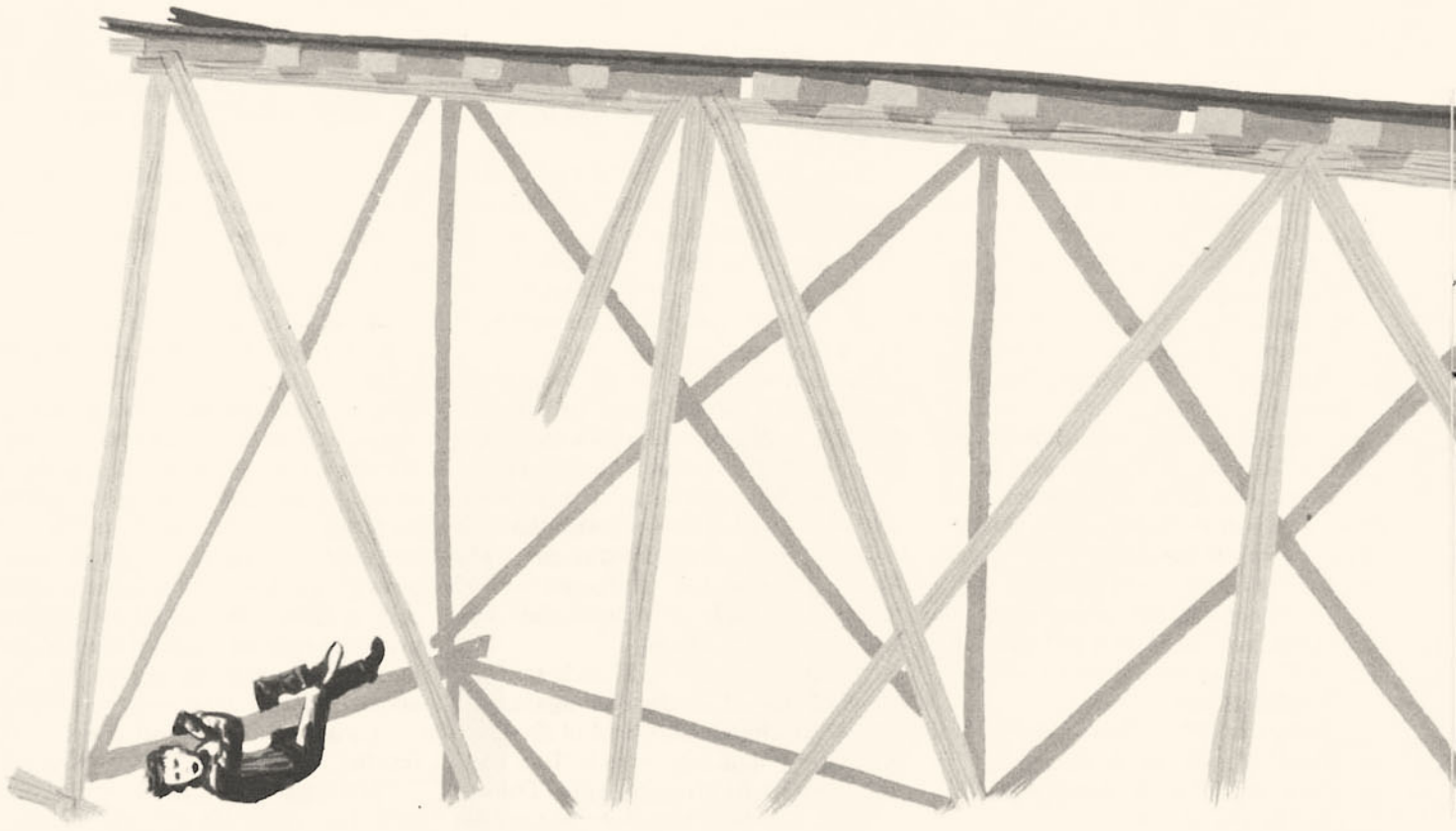
"What's all that ... that scaffolding?" Evelyn asked. She was talking about an incredibly tall, spiderlike wooden structure that projected out from the mine entrance. It supported a long series of naked ties and two thin, slightly twisted rails that leaped out, out, out into the bright, empty air, until the whole construction came to an abrupt end high above the steep slope.

"Looks like a railroad trestle someone forgot to finish," Thatch said.

"It's where they used to dump the ore," Tom said. "To get it down to the road so they could haul it to the mill." It made him feel a little better to show he knew something Thatch didn't. He guessed he knew plenty more than that dumb old Thatch! But, he reflected soberly, he would gladly have traded his knowledge, and his spelling ability, and his good grades, and all the books he'd ever read, for some courage—for the ability to do crazy, brave things and not care, not get scared.

The scaffold was tall and spiderlike.





The footpath up the canyonside was crooked, narrow, rocky, slippery with small pebbles. They toiled upward methodically, Thatch in the lead, then Evelyn, then Tom. At the halfway point, they stopped briefly to catch their breath. While they rested, Tom took a good look at Evelyn and felt something zing inside his chest like one of the bowstrings in archery class.

They climbed on. Ten minutes later they climbed up into the sunshine again. And finally they reached the small, flat, rocky plateau in front of the mine. The mine looked kind of beat-up to Tom. The big timber over the tunnel entrance was cracked and sagging, and just a little ways inside, an old mining car was tipped halfway over.

Evelyn sat down to rest, and Thatch sat down beside her, quickly, so close that their shoulders touched. Tom's first impulse was to sit on her other side, up close like Thatch, but he decided that was just too doggone childish. Disgusted, at himself, at Thatch, even a little bit at Evelyn, he walked to the edge of the tiny man-made plateau and looked down.

"Be careful, Tom," Evelyn called.

"Yeah, Tomsy-Womsy," Thatch added. "Don't scare yourself."

"Oh, shut up, Hancock," Tom said. He looked deep into the shadows of the canyon, down, down, down to where the miniature road twisted and turned beside the toy creek. There was a stiff breeze blowing this far up the canyonside, and Tom felt faintly giddy. The slope dropped away swiftly—much more so than when he had looked up from the road. Only the ancient, half-decayed scaffold challenged the gorge, its two slender rails jutting out into space toward the opposite canyon wall until they reached the queasy mid-air dropping place.

Tom felt a push! His heart took a giant leap as his body lurched toward the gorge. And now Thatch's hands, strong, holding firmly, were pulling him back from the edge, and Thatch was laughing his head off.

"You should see your face!" Thatch roared.

Evelyn was on her feet. "Good heavens, Thatch! Suppose you'd slipped! Suppose . . ."

"You don't think I'd slip, do you?" Thatch said, his laughter fading. He sounded faintly annoyed. "I'm just trying to give the little coward a thrill. He'll never get one on his own."

Tom, still breathing hard, still shaking, found his voice.

"You take back calling me a coward," he said evenly.

"Why should I?"

"Because I'm not!"

"You wouldn't take a dare," Thatch taunted.

"Listen," Tom said hotly, "just because *you* don't get poison ivy is no reason *I* got to get it!"

"It's not just the poison ivy, Bannister," Thatch said. "You didn't even want to *come* here, and you know it. I could tell. You're just a lily-livered little . . ."

Tom sprang at the larger boy. They went down in a heap, rolling, sliding, scuffling. "Stop it—both of you!" Evelyn shouted. Tom hit, kicked, even bit, but in an amazingly short time, Thatch had him pinned, helpless.

"You let him up!" Evelyn commanded. "Come on. We're going back to camp before someone gets hurt."

"Sure, I'll let brave little Tomsy-Womsy up," Thatch said. "I'll give him a *real* chance to show how brave he is. How about it, Tomsy?"

"You go to blazes!" Tom said, and Thatch threw his head back and laughed.

"Okay, Tiger," he said. "If you're so all-fired brave, let's see you walk out to the end of those ties. And spit—if you have any spit left when you get out there." He released Tom and stood up.

Tom got up slowly, rubbing his arm. "You can still go to blazes," he said sullenly.

"I dare you," Thatch said.

Evelyn tugged at Thatch's shoulder. "Come on," she said. "Let's all go back. The sun's going down pretty soon."

Thatch shook her hand off his shoulder. "I dare you."

"Heck, no, I won't!" Tom said. "Why should I kill myself just to please you?"

"Because you're scared, that's why. You're scared silly." Thatch put his hands on his hips and leered insolently. "The gutless wonder!"

Tom felt like going after Thatch a second time. But what was the use? He'd just get pinned again.

"Come on . . . please . . ." There was a pleading note in Evelyn's voice now. And they should be getting back, Tom



knew; it was the sensible thing. If their absence was discovered, they'd really catch it! Still, it wasn't very glorious to end the day like this—beaten by another boy, in front of the girl you . . . well, in front of a girl . . . and refusing a dare. But on the other hand, common sense . . .

"Okay," he said quietly. "Let's go."

"Okay, Gutless," Thatch said, laughing maliciously. "Okay, we'll go back. Only first I want to show you I'm not afraid to do anything I dare anyone else to do."

He walked to the edge of the rocky plateau, where the tall, rickety scaffolding leapt out over the canyon.

"Thatch, don't!" Evelyn cried.

But Thatch was already walking the open ties, quickly, balancing easily, out over the dizzy gorge. Tom stared. He didn't want to watch, but he had to—he couldn't help it. Now Thatch had come to a place where two ties were missing. He stretched his arms out for balance and walked across the gap on one of the rusty rails.

Now he was actually standing on the last tie, balancing on the very edge of the wooden precipice. He raised his head. He spat. The wind whistled, and the saliva slanted down, down, down, out of sight in the canyon shadows.

Tom watched as Thatch turned, bowed decorously in their direction, started to take a step. When Thatch's foot slipped, Evelyn screamed, and Tom's stomach dropped out.

Twisting, Thatch fell forward. His knee struck a rail, his body slipped through a gap where a tie was missing, and then he was falling, falling free, clutching at air. Eight feet below the level of the ties, his body struck a horizontal timber. It hung there, motionless, a fraction of a second, then started to slip off. But Thatch had caught on with an arm, both arms now, a leg. He clung to the underside of the timber, hugging it.

Tom drew in what seemed like his first breath in hours.

"Gee Keriminey!" he breathed. He ran with Evelyn to the edge of the plateau. "Help . . . help . . ." Thatch's voice sounded faint in the wind, frightened. Evelyn looked at Tom, her eyes big. "What'll we do?"

In the long moment that followed, Tom considered many things: the long hike back to camp for help; the position of the sun; his intense dislike for the boy hanging by arms and legs above the deep, rocky canyon; but most of all, the chilling, bottomless fear that turned his insides to water when he looked at the eroding, gray ties that led out into space.

Evelyn grabbed his arm, looked into his face beseechingly. "What ever will we do?"

"Help me . . ." came Thatch's voice. "Help . . ."

Tom was barely aware of Evelyn's hand on his arm. He was thinking, hard. He swallowed, stared at Thatch hanging over the canyon.

"Help . . ."

And who could help him, Tom thought. Old Fellowes? Some counselor? There wasn't time for that. Thatch would tire of holding on. The sun would go down. No, there was no one could help Thatch except . . . Thomas Ford Bannister.

Tom bit his lip. Could he do it? Was he brave enough? But . . . it wasn't a matter of bravery; it was merely that something had to be done—and fast—and he was the only one there to do it!

He swallowed again, and walked to the point at which the rails and ties stabbed out from the ore plateau. Shakily, but without hesitation, he stepped out onto the first tie, the second . . .

"Tom!" Evelyn's voice was a cry.

Tom paused and looked down. He wished his heart would stop pounding, the wind stop blowing. The ties looked old, rotten, like the timbers. Below, many of the cross-braces were missing. Blown away by the wind, he wondered. Why hadn't the whole towering, toothpick construction blown down years and years and years ago?

He took another step. From the first tie, straight down to the sloping side of the canyon had been only a couple of feet. From the second tie, ten feet. From the third, twenty. From the fourth? Thirty? Forty? Fifty? Through the open ties beneath him, he saw a mountain bluejay flying far below, sparkling in the sunlight, disappearing in shadow. Just as though nothing were happening!

He stepped gingerly onto the next tie, the next, the next. He paused again and looked outward to where the rails suddenly ended in mid-air. He wasn't even half way! He started moving again. The wind felt stronger now. It was a cold wind. It had seemed warm enough before, but now it was cold. He was perspiring cold sweat. He came to the double-missing tie and hesitated. Through the gap, and then through the rickety frame-work below, he could see where the zig-zag footpath came off the canyon road, a thread raveling from a slender ribbon. It seemed miles below. He couldn't see Thatch from this angle; the ties ahead obscured him. Tom wondered if he were still hanging on. Speed, that was the thing. Hurry. He put his arms out, balanced, stepped up on the naked rail, took two quick steps over the gap. Man, he was shaking! He was halfway to the end now. He kept moving.

A gust hit him, the scaffold quivered, he went off balance. He flailed the air with his arms and felt something shoot through his system like electricity. He bent his knees, crouched, heart pumping wildly.

There—he'd regained his balance.



He felt splinters stab deep into his fingers, but Tom Bannister held on.

Why couldn't he stop shaking? He wiped his forehead on his arm. Would he ever get to the end, he wondered. Would he ever get to Thatch?

A split second before he had his full weight on the next tie, he knew it was giving way. He heard the tie crunch, splintering, he heard Evelyn scream. The sky whirled in his face. As he fell, a phrase flashed through his mind: "This is it... this is it..." His back hit a tie, his arm another. He grabbed. He felt splinters stab deep into his fingers. He held on. And now he was dangling in midair, his arms locked around a tie, his legs kicking, swinging back and forth, searching vainly for a foothold.

I'm in the middle of a nightmare, he thought. Why don't I wake up? And then he heard Thatch's voice, faint but near.

"Tom... Tom..."

He swung his legs forward, back, forward, back again. He gave a mighty heave, wrestled himself up onto his elbows, hovered delicately on the balance point, grabbed the tie ahead of the one he was holding on to, pulled, wriggled, squirmed back onto the ties. He lay there for a moment, breathing hard, wondering how long he had been on this unearthly trestle. It seemed like hours.

"Help me, Tom..." Thatch called. Tom pulled his legs up under him. Slowly, like a tightrope walker doing a difficult trick, he began to stand up. The wind was a gale. He tried not to look down, but he *had to;* he had to see where to step. If only he could look down without seeing clear through the ties, all the way to the bottom.

He could see Thatch now, too. Thatch was wriggling up onto the top of the timber whose underside he had been hugging to him. Don't fall, don't fall, Tom's lips said soundlessly. Now Thatch was astride the horizontal timber, lying forward on it, working his way toward the upright at one side of the scaffold's end. Reaching it, he clutched it to him as though it were trying to get away.

It was then that Tom got his first good look at Thatch's face. It was ashen, the eyes stricken. "Tom..." Tom heard him say. "Tom..."

Tom stepped forward, feeling the gusty wind press his shirt hard against his side And now... the scaffold was falling! Falling to the left, reeling, falling! Tom dropped to his knees, clutched the iron rails, shut his eyes. Even with his eyes shut, the scaffold kept falling ...falling...falling...

And then the sensation began to pass. The structure was no longer falling. He felt a little better now. He opened his eyes. He wondered how his mouth could be so dry when the rest of him was drenched in sweat. He crawled forward on his hands and knees until he was within a few feet of the end of the scaffold. No point in looking over the edge, risking the dizziness again. He turned around, dropped to his stomach, wriggled his feet out over one corner of the scaffold end, out over the canyon. He wriggled further. Now his shins were out over the edge, now his knees. Only his two sweaty hands, clutching the rusty iron rail, were holding him.

"Tom... help me..." he heard Thatch say, and he thought he heard Evelyn's voice, too, but he wasn't sure. He wondered if this were really himself, Tom Bannister. His legs were well over the side of the scaffold now, hanging down, dangling, now gripping the corner upright. He paused, tested the leg-grip, eased the rest of his body out over the canyon. At last he was shinnying down the timber, his hands cut by splinters, and now he was standing on Thatch's cross-timber, but on the opposite side of the scaffold-end.

"You all right?" he shouted. He wondered why he was shouting, when Thatch was barely ten feet away. Thatch only stared. "You all right?" Tom repeated. Thatch stared, shook his head slightly, no. "Can you stand up?" Thatch shook his head again. Tom felt another dizzy spell coming on. He shut his eyes and hung on.

The sensation passed more quickly this time. He opened his eyes again and stared at Thatch's fear-struck face.

Tom sat down on the timber, straddled it, wiped his hands one at a time on the legs of his jeans. Then, nervously, carefully, he worked his way across until he was only a foot or two away from where Thatch sat, holding onto his upright. "I'll help you get up," Tom said.

Thatch shook his head quickly. "I'm ...I'm..." His eyes looked like the archery targets back at Crystal Creek Camp—tiny bull's-eyes in the middle of big white circles. "I'm going to die!" Thatch blurted.

"Take it easy," Tom said.

"I'm going to *die!*" Thatch said, his eyes getting even larger. "I'm going to die right here! I'm going to..."

"Shut up!" Tom said. Thatch was nearly screaming. "I'm going to..."

Tom slapped him across the mouth as hard as he could, and nearly lost his balance. "Stand up," he said. Thatch, jaw quivering, took one hand from the upright timber and touched his mouth. "Stand up!" Tom shouted. Slowly, holding on carefully, Thatch began to stand up.

"Okay, Thatch, let's see you shinny up that timber," Tom said. He was suddenly aware of his hands. Wet. Stinging from slivers. He looked up at Thatch standing there, open-mouthed again, staring, shaking his head. "I... can't..."

"You can step on my shoulder," Tom said.

"I can't... I... I..."

Slapping Thatch from a sitting position was a physical impossibility now. Tom took one hand off the timber he was straddling, lifted Thatch's pantleg, leaned over, bit the calf as hard as he could.

Thatch yelped with pain and kicked violently. "Hey! What you trying to do, Bannister!"

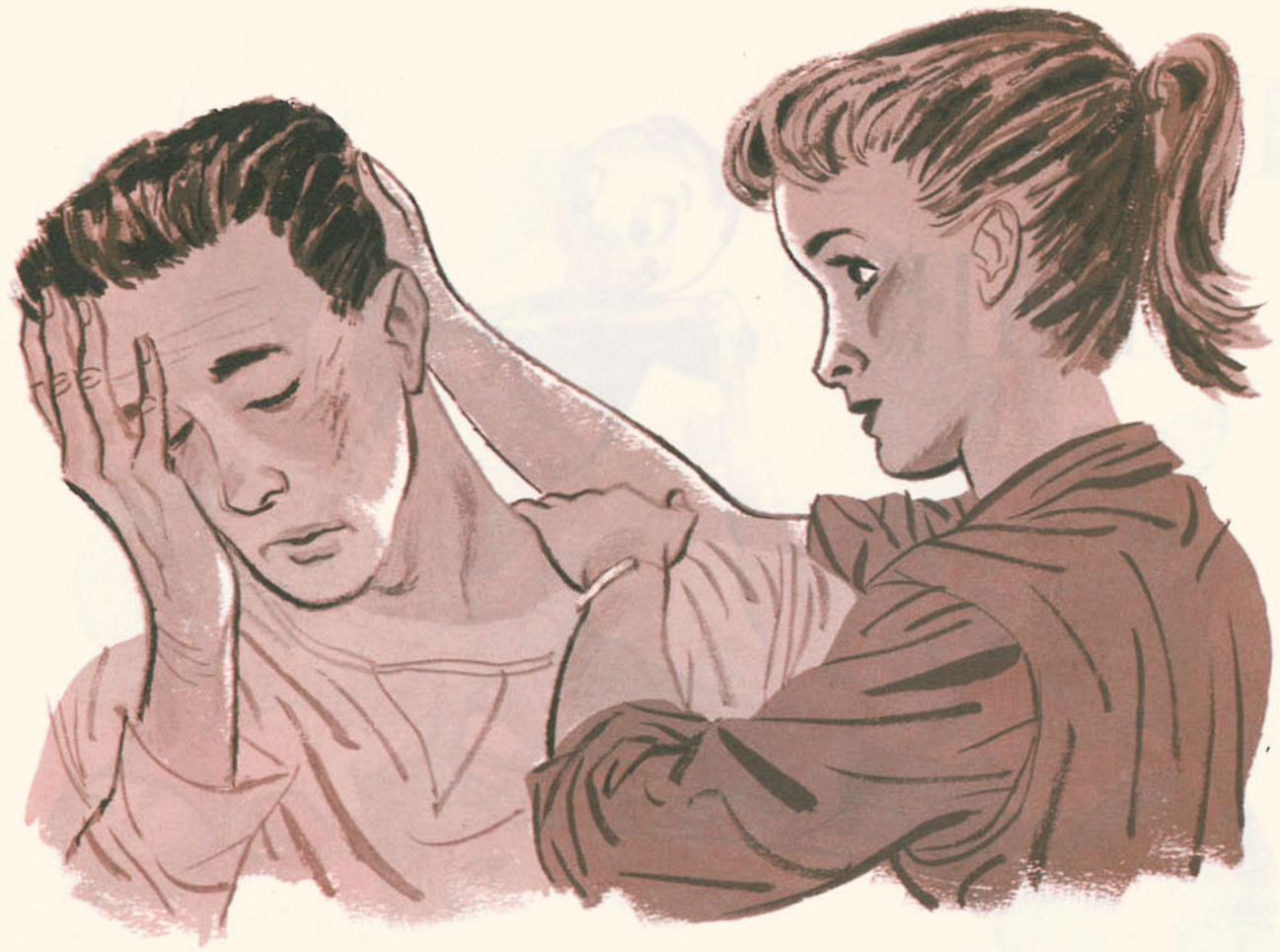
That sounded more like the old Thatch, Tom thought.

"Climb the timber!"

Thatch looked upward, then down once more. His face looked less strained; it even had a touch of color now. When he spoke, his voice was lower, almost husky. "How'll you get up?"

Tom cocked his head on one side and spoke gruffly. "I'll get up," he said. It was pure bravado, and he knew it.

The third dizzy spell hit him just as Thatch's shoe was digging into his shoulder. He felt Thatch give the push necessary to boost himself to a good hold on the ties above, and then came the falling sensation. This time everything went black. He was not even aware of the howling wind. He was back home, snug in bed, and someone had left the window open. It was time to get



She was kneeling beside him, one hand on his shoulder.

up. Someone was calling his name.

And then it all came back with a rush. The wind, the splinters, the chilly, sweat-soaked shirt. He opened his eyes and looked at his hands. He was gripping the timber so hard that his fingernails had made deep marks in it. He heard Thatch's voice above him.

"Tom! Come on! What's the matter?"

Slowly he stood up on the cross-timber. He felt very tired. The dizziness was gone now. The fear was gone. Nothing remained but the cold and the wind and the slivers and the work of shinnying up the timber and crawling back to the mine plateau. His muscles ached, his bleeding hands throbbed. Without someone to give him a boost, he wasn't at all sure he could make it.

He reached as high as he could and wound his arms around the upright timber. Gripping tight, he clamped his legs around the upright as high as he could get them, then let his hands seek a higher grip. Now, with arms clamped securely again, he moved his legs up. Legs clamp, hands move up; hands clamp, legs move up...and every muscle protesting.

He was higher now. He could almost reach the end tie. Almost. He wished he were home. He wished he'd never come to camp. He wished...

He wriggled up the splintery timber, up, up. He put one hand out and grabbed the end tie. Now he had both hands on the tie; he was trying, trying vainly to pull himself up. And then, when he thought he would surely have to let go and slide back down, he felt a hand grip the back of his belt. He was being lifted, tugged forward—by Thatch!

He scrambled up over the edge of the tie, cutting his cheek on the iron rail end, feeling blood run down his chin, not caring. And now he wanted only to lie down, to rest, to get warm, yet he was still moving, crawling along the tie structure, hanging on, following Thatch toward the mine.

He saw Thatch reach the ore dump, crawl a few feet, collapse in a heap. And now he had reached the tiny plateau himself. He crawled forward, away from the scaffold, and was suddenly, violently, sick.

Afterwards, he crawled over toward the mine tunnel, wrenched himself up to a sitting position, and put his head between his knees. After a while he realized that Evelyn was talking to him. She was kneeling beside him, one hand around his shoulder, the other moving soothingly through his hair. She had been there a long time. How long? He didn't know, but just her being there meant that he was no longer cold.

"Hmm?" he said. He lifted his head. She was looking at him, anxiety in her eyes.

"I said, are you all right?"

Tom nodded. He drew in a deep breath and exhaled it. He felt warmer all over now, even though the sun was almost down. He looked toward the edge of the plateau. Thatch was still lying there, face down. Tom began to feel the onrushing wave of relief. They were safe. They weren't on the scaffold any more.

"I'm proud of you, Tom," Evelyn said quietly. She touched his cheek, where the blood had dried. "Very proud."

Tom smiled vaguely. He wasn't shaking any more. His shirt was still soaked, but he didn't feel so bad.

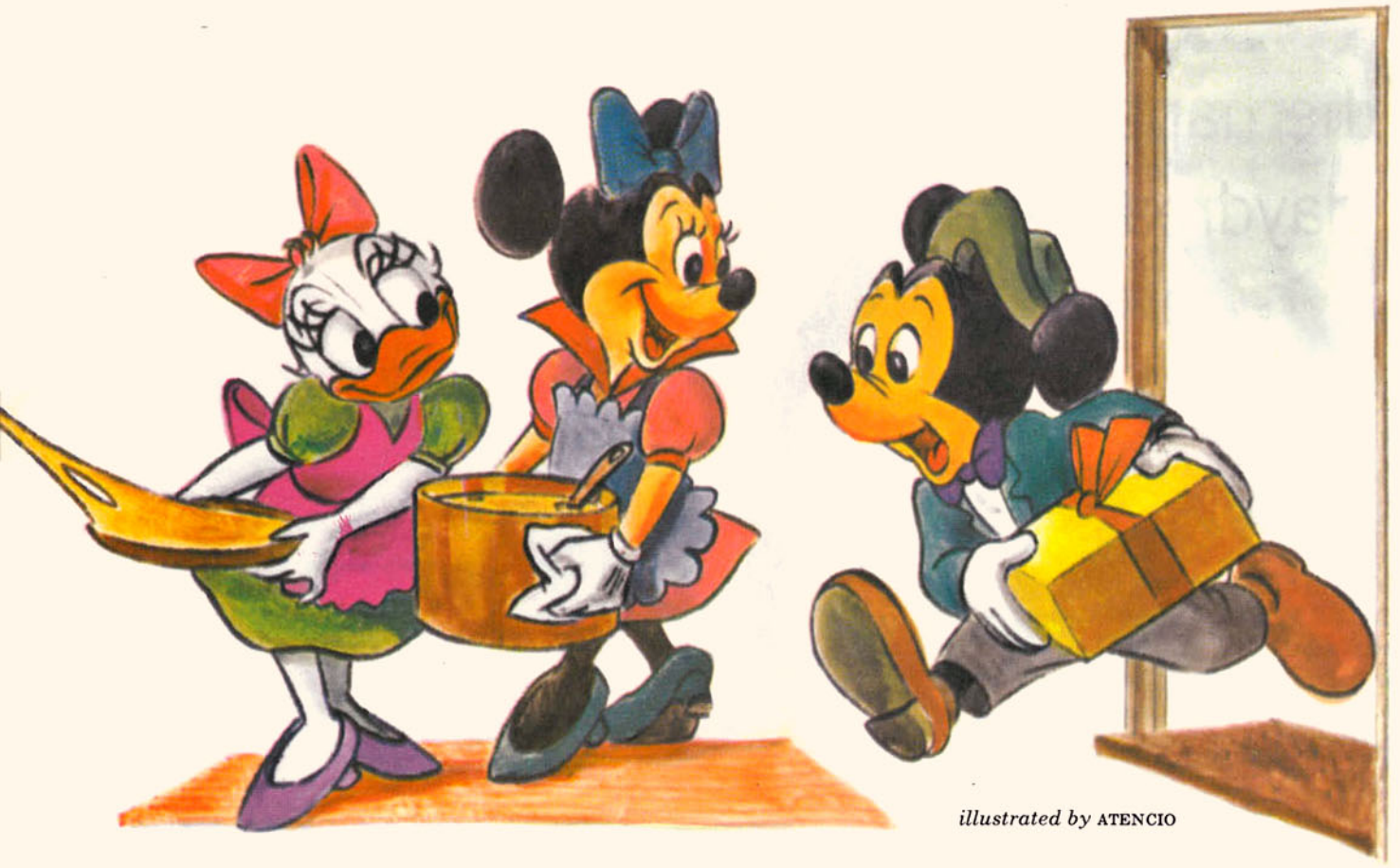
And then, looking into Evelyn's gentle, anxious face, the tanned face with the wonderful blonde hair blowing around it, Tom suddenly remembered something else.

"Say," he said. "Say, I...I almost forgot. When we get back to Chicago..."

There, he'd asked her! He had the courage after all. And from the way she was smiling, he knew she'd go to the movies with him, all right. Sure she would. After all, she wasn't *that* much taller!

Taffy Pull





illustrated by ATENCIO

"Let's surprise Uncle Mickey," said Minnie Mouse one day. "Let's have a taffy pull and make some taffy for him."

"What's a . . .

"taffy pull . . .

"Aunt Minnie?"

Said Huey, Dewey and Louie.

"A taffy pull is a way of making candy," said Minnie.

"Oh . . .

"boy . . .

"candy!!!"

Said Huey, Dewey and Louie.

So Minnie went to the telephone and called Goofy, Donald and Daisy and asked them to come to the taffy pull. "You have to have lots of people at a taffy pull," Minnie said. "The more the merrier."

Goofy and Donald and Daisy all came to help with the taffy. Goofy stirred and stirred while it was cooking. Donald poured it into buttered platters. Daisy put butter on everyone's hands, and on her own hands. Then, when the taffy started to get hard and cool, everyone took hold of it, twisted it into a big rope, and pulled. Goofy and Donald pulled one end. Daisy and Huey, Dewey and Louie pulled the other end.

Goofy and Donald pulled their end out to one side of the living room. Daisy and Huey, Dewey and Louie pulled their end out to the other side of the living room. In between stretched the rope of taffy.

Just then, the front door opened and Mickey rushed in.

"Minnie!" Mickey called. "Minnie, look what I have . . . ULP!"

And Mickey ran right into the rope of sticky taffy.

Mickey's feet flew one way and the box he was carrying flew the other way.

"Hey . . .

"Unca' Mickey's . . .

"stuck in the candy!"

Said Huey, Dewey and Louie.

"Quick, get some hot water and unstick him," said Minnie.

"Keep calm . . .

"Unca' Mickey . . .

"we'll save you."

Said Huey, Dewey and Louie.

And they did. But it took quite a while to get Mickey unstuck from the taffy. When the excitement was over, and Mickey was finally unstuck and cleaned up, Minnie noticed the box he had brought.

"Why, Mickey—you brought me a present," she said. "What is it?"

"It's for everybody, really," said Mickey, and he opened the box. It was all filled with taffy.

MINNIE'S RECIPE FOR TAFFY

1 cup of molasses — ½ cup of sugar
2 teaspoons of vinegar — 1 tablespoon of butter
¼ teaspoon of soda

Put molasses, vinegar, sugar and butter together in saucepan. Cook over low flame, stirring constantly, until taffy turns brittle when a little is dropped into cold water. Then stir in soda. Pour taffy into buttered platter; let it get cool. When it's cool enough so you can dent it with your finger, shape it into a rope and pull. Cut into one-inch pieces with a scissors. Better keep dipping the scissors into hot water so they won't stick to the taffy.

the happy daydreamer

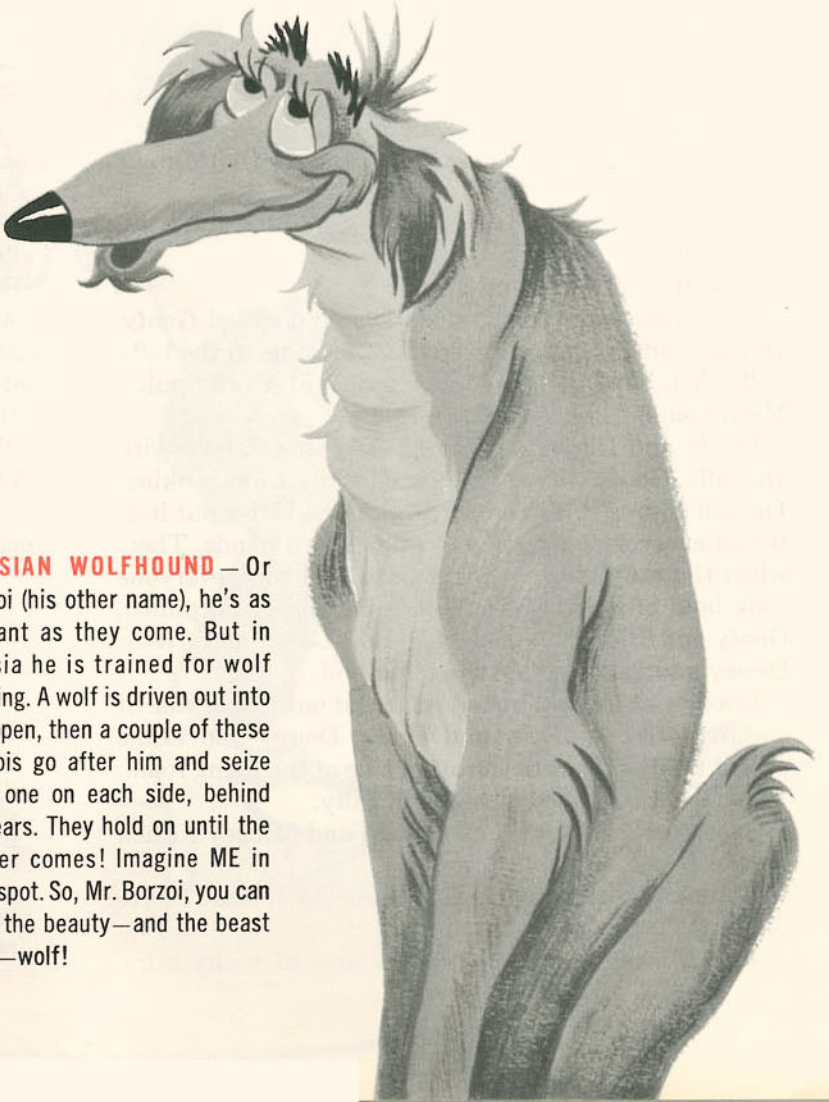
People talk about a dog's life, but you can take it from me—a dog's life isn't so bad. Just between you and me, though, I've been wondering a lot lately if it wouldn't be fun to be somebody else. Oh, I know it would take pixie dust or a magic wand, and they're hard to come by. But I can daydream, can't I? So I got to thinking about the fellows I know, 'specially the ones I might like to change places with. You may recognize some of them. Nice, fellows, all of them. Now, let's see, which would be the best dog's life to choose...

ENGLISH BULLDOG—He's got a face that would scare anybody who didn't know what a good-natured chap he really is. He used to be a bull baiter and was developed to have a protruding lower jaw and a short nose, so he could breathe while holding onto the bull's nose. Wow! I tell you, when he clamps onto anything, he hangs on for keeps. But with a jaw like that, eating is quite a problem. I like my meals on the dainty side, so I guess I don't want to be an English Bulldog.



DACHSHUND—A dog-and-a-half long, and a half-a-dog high, that about describes this small hound. There's a joke about him not being a good dog for cold weather; you have to hold the door open twice as long. He started in Germany, and is great in tracking badgers, foxes and such. But his legs are so short for the rest of him that he has to take more steps, and fast, to get anywhere. I'd get dizzy figuring which foot went after which. So I guess being a dachshund isn't for me.





RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND—Or Borzoi (his other name), he's as elegant as they come. But in Russia he is trained for wolf hunting. A wolf is driven out into the open, then a couple of these Borzois go after him and seize him, one on each side, behind the ears. They hold on until the hunter comes! Imagine ME in that spot. So, Mr. Borzoi, you can have the beauty—and the beast—uh—wolf!

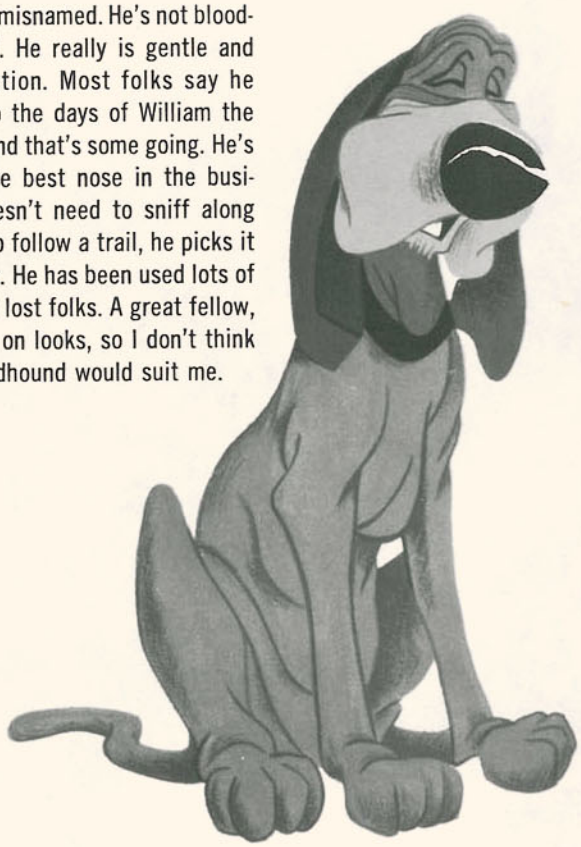
PEKINGESE—This is my friend, Peke. Talk about a glamorous past—this fellow had it! His folks lived in the palaces and sacred temples of China at least 2,000 years ago. He sniffles and snorts a lot, because his nose is so flat. Folks say it is like that so he could carry the old Emperors' or Empresses' trains. But there aren't many jobs like that left these days, so I decide NOT to be a Pekingese.



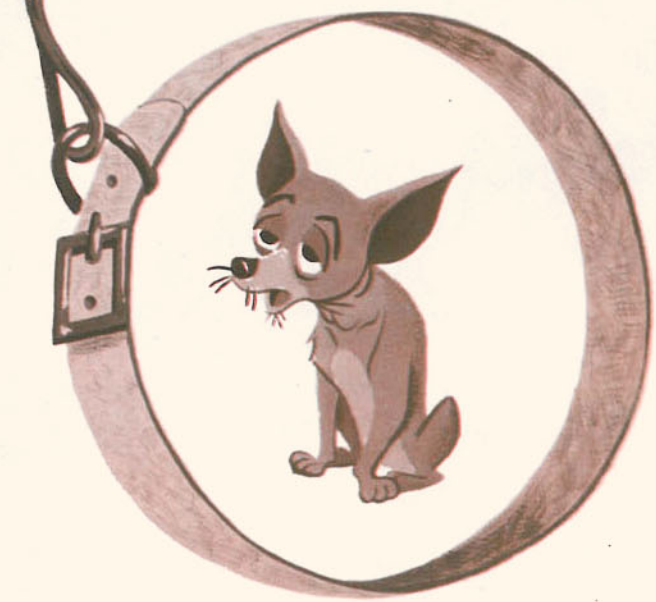
SCOTTIE—Bonnie Scottie, here, hails from the Highlands, of course. He's a canny lad, with lots of know-how for hunting rabbits, foxes and such. He's a fine watchdog, whether or no 'tis a braw bricht moonlit nicht. But I wonder, noo, does he like the Scottish bagpipes? They hurt my ears, so I'll no wish to be a Scottish Terrier.



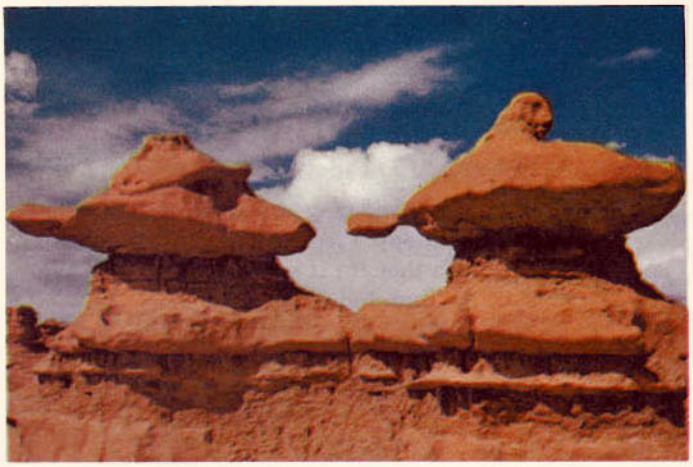
BLOODHOUND—Now here's a fellow that's surely misnamed. He's not bloodthirsty at all. He really is gentle and full of affection. Most folks say he goes back to the days of William the Conqueror, and that's some going. He's got about the best nose in the business. He doesn't need to sniff along the ground to follow a trail, he picks it out of the air. He has been used lots of times to find lost folks. A great fellow, but **not** long on looks, so I don't think being a bloodhound would suit me.



Well, after looking 'em over, I've about decided I want to stay myself, after all. Besides, good things can come in small packages—and that's me. Who am I? I'm the smallest dog of all, a Chihuahua, and I'm about to do something none of the others can do. I'm going for a ride, in my boy's pocket. 'Bye.




PICTURES
IN
STONE
PUNCH AND JUDY



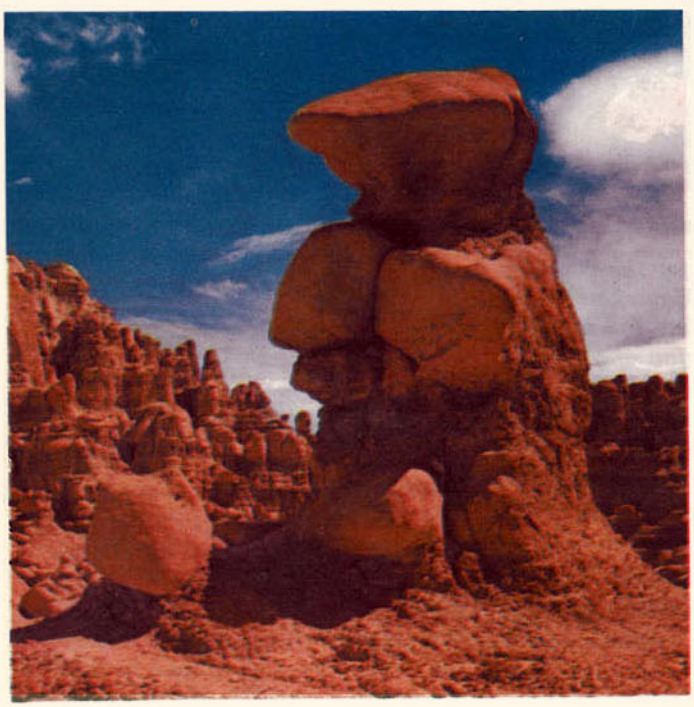
THE RACING TURTLES



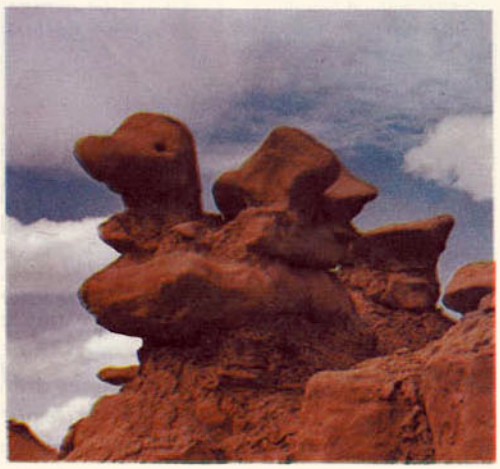
THE SOLITARY ELEPHANT

Nature does some wonderful things with rocks. Out in the lonely places of the great American West many fantastic formations stand in the sunlight as if waiting to be seen and admired. Two rocks in Arizona which look like Punch and Judy appear to be right out of a puppet show, with a curtain of stone in front of them as if for a stage. In the Valley of the Goblins in Utah, salmon-colored turtles stage a race; perched on their clay pedestals they seem almost to fly. In this same area Donald Duck, not as noisy as his movie original, makes human figures seem dwarf-like, and the Begging Dog, an out-sized hound with vague features, asks for a handout as he sits on his haunches of stone. And over in Nevada, in Valley of Fire State Park, a lonely elephant sits out the seasons, unconcerned about his lack of neighbors and undisturbed by the winds that blow or storms that sometimes rage about him. These strange rocky shapes, which have endured for untold centuries, are but a handful in a company of uncounted thousands of pictures in stone waiting to be found and enjoyed.

THE BEGGING DOG



DONALD DUCK



Photos of Punch and Judy, the Racing Turtles, the Begging Dog and Donald Duck are by Josef Muench; the photo of the Solitary Elephant is by Carlos Elmer.



Thanks, boys and girls, for all the fine letters you've sent us in the past two months. We just wish we could write a personal reply to each reader who writes to us, we are so glad when you let us know which articles and stories you like particularly well. Here are a few of our letters we want to share with everyone. —*The Editor*

You had a story about doodling and you showed a picture of some doodles the Mouseketeers did. Which Mouseketeers did the doodles?

Louise G.
New York, New York

The doodles in the photograph on page 21 of the February issue are by Doreen Tracey (upper left), Cheryl Holdridge (upper right), Bobby Burgess (lower left) and Tommy Cole (lower right).
—*The Editor*

In the story "Do Doodles Reveal One's Secret Self?" there is a picture of a secretary's pad and it has doodles of glasses all over it. What does this mean?

James D.
Chicago, Illinois

Perhaps it means that the secretary needs spectacles. —*The Editor*

On the cover of the last issue there is a color picture of Annette with a cat. Is this Annette's cat?

Charles M.
Port Clinton, Ohio

No, the cat, who is named Brophe (pronounced Bro-fee), belongs to photographer Roger Davidson. He wandered into the studio while Annette was having her picture taken and settled down to pose for the cameras, too. Later, when Mr. Davidson decided to take some photos without Brophe, the cat refused to leave, and had to be carried out of the studio. —*The Editor*

I liked the story about Moochie's party. Please have more stories about the Mouseketeers and Spin and Marty and everyone who is on the Mickey Mouse Club.

Dorothy S.
Pasadena, Maryland

I read Walt Disney's Magazine every time, and want to see a lot of things about the Mouseketeers. Please put in more colored pictures of them. You told how old they are and how tall they are, but you didn't tell their addresses. I would like to have their addresses so I can send them birthday cards.

Judy H.
Bremerton, Wash.

We're glad you enjoy the stories about the boys and girls who appear on the Mickey Mouse Club, and we'll have more—like the story about Karen on page 22 of this issue. We can't publish their addresses, however, nor can we send their addresses to the boys and girls who write in and ask for them.
—*The Editor*

I like Cheryl very much. Was it Cheryl who posed for the doodling picture? Please print more about her.

Lynn P.
Roxbury, Mass.

Yes, Cheryl did pose for the doodling picture. This talented Mouseketeer, who was born in New Orleans, can sing, tap dance, and is a ballerina and actress. Her hobbies are reading (Mark Twain is her favorite author) and cooking. She has two cocker spaniels, Honey and Luckey, and a parakeet named Herbie.
—*The Editor*

In your story called "Angkor," you say that beautiful maidens carried shields and lances. Shouldn't the men be carrying these things?

Ann S.
Jacksonville, Ill.

According to a man who visited Angkor in the 13th century, then returned to his home in China and wrote what he saw, the maidens carried shields and lances. We have to take his word for it.
—*The Editor*

Some of our gang are real interested in cars, and we got a big charge out of the Model T in the picture of Janie, Jeffrey and the jalopy. Who does the car belong to?

Dick V. and Jack W.
Holley, New York

The car, a 1926 Model T with a 1940 Ford V-8 motor, is the pride and joy of one of the members of our art staff.
—*The Editor*

I enjoyed the story about the wild pony roundup. I read it to my little sister, and she thought it was real good, too. Who is Tom Jones?

Billy T.
Vallejo, Calif.

We're glad you liked "Island Across the Bay." Mr. Jones was born in Virginia and he has been on many of the roundups. He now works for Walt Disney.
—*The Editor*



Jimmie Dodd Says...

There are lots of people who say that the days of the pioneers are over—that there just aren't any more new lands to see, or new things to do. Well, don't you believe it. Pioneering is more than crossing the plains in a covered wagon. Just think of the work that must still be done in science, in medicine, electronics and astronomy.

The men and women working on these many subjects and problems are pioneers, just as the men who crossed the plains or sailed uncharted seas were pioneers. Most important, someday *your* generation will be the pioneers. You won't wear buckskin or ride in covered wagons, of course. But who knows? You may wear space helmets and ride in space ships. You'll be pioneers just the same. That's pretty exciting, don't you think? And it isn't a minute too soon to start getting ready—to start preparing and studying now for the pioneer work that must be done in the future.

Muchachos
Y Muchachas
(BOYS AND GIRLS)



SI SI...SEE ZORRO*!



EL ESPADACHÍN—the swordsman—makes the sign of the Z by a flick of his magic blade!

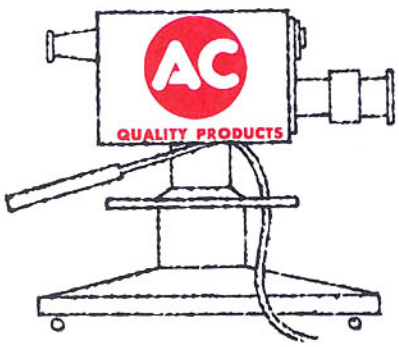


EL CHICOTERO—the whipsman—snaps his bullwhip to warn all who are wrongdoers!



EL CABALLERO—the horseman—races his beloved Tornado to the scenes of action!

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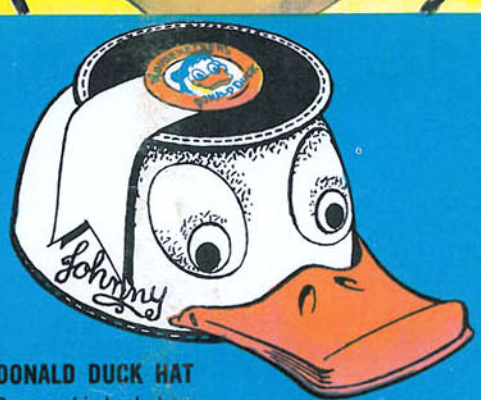
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